

CRIME

JULY NO. 22
TEN CENTS

DOES NOT PAY

PUBLISHED BY COMIC HOUSE INC.

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER

CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

**TRUE
CRIME
CASES**

**THE FIRST MAGAZINE
OF ITS KIND!**

SENSATIONAL!

The CASE of the
**TWISTED
CIGARETTES**



KILLER LEPKE
ALIAS
LOUIS BUCHALTER

Hollywood's Elusive
PANTHER MAN

ESPOSITO BROTHERS
The
MAD DOGS

BE A DETECTIVE!
WHO KILLED THE
WEALTHY MRS. MARKY?
SEE INSIDE!

FORMERLY SILVER STREAK COMICS

"WILD BILL" HICKOK The **MAD MUSICIAN** The **SAGA** of **AND MANY**
The WEST'S MOST FAMOUS GUN-TOTER AND HIS TUNES OF DOOM **HARPSHEAD ROAD** OTHER REAL
CRIME STORIES

A collage of various comic book covers from the mid-20th century, including titles like 'Supermouse', 'Startling Comics', 'Jetta', 'Mystery Comics', 'Fantastic Tales', 'Cosmo Cat', 'Strange Worlds', 'Exciting Comics', 'Daring Adventures', 'Casper Cat', 'Eerie', 'Exciting Comics', 'Barnyard Comics', 'Famous Funnies', 'Hill Country', 'Teen-Age Sweetheart', 'Jetta', 'Science', 'Quick Lunch', 'Snake Eyes', 'Miss Masque', 'Eerie', 'Exciting Comics', 'Casper Cat', and 'Daring Adventures'. A large, stylized speech bubble in the center contains the text 'WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM'.

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

A COMPLETELY NEW KIND OF MAGAZINE

The editors of COMIC HOUSE, INC., who have given you such popular magazines as *DAREDEVIL*, *BOY COMICS*, *SILVER-STREAK COMICS*, *CAPTAIN BATTLE COMICS* and others, are very proud of this thrilling new magazine, *CRIME DOES NOT PAY*.

The new magazine is designed to give you the most fascinating and exciting reading ever to appear in any publication of its type. It has been months in preparation, and no expense has been spared to make this a magazine that will hold you spellbound. You'll love it!

But *CRIME DOES NOT PAY* is more than just a magazine. It is dedicated to the youth of America with the hope that it will help make better, cleaner young citizens. The object of the Editors is to bring home sharply, to make crystal clear, that *CRIME DOES NOT PAY*! Crime never pays, it is a sucker's game. Criminals are not heroes, they are not even brave or "nervy" — they are cowardly rats. Sooner or later they get their just reward. Their fate is prison and death.

In these pages, then, you will see how one after another is brought to justice through the daring and cleverness of the officers of the law. Enjoy reading these exciting true stories. See for yourself the sad fate of crooks and criminals—and always remember that *CRIME DOES NOT PAY*.

Sincerely,



Lev Gleason

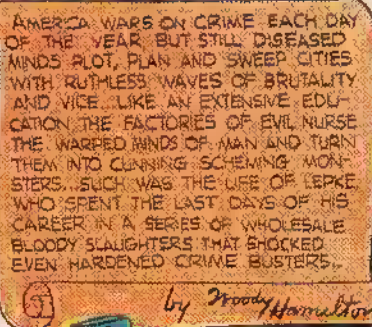
PUBLISHER

EDITORS—Charles Biro, Bob Wood

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THE *Real* STORY BEHIND **LEPKE** MAD DOG OF THE UNDERWORLD

THE *Real* STORY BEHIND **LEPKE** MAD DOG OF THE UNDERWORLD



by Woody Hamelton



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

OUR TALE OPENS WHERE MOST CRIME STORIES END.....
IN PRISON...
LEPKE, WHOSE REAL NAME WAS **LOUIS BUCHALTER**

CRIMINAL TRICKS AT AN EARLY AGE....

I, I DON'T KNOW WHAT MADE ME DO IT...THE OTHER FELLOWS KEPT TELLING ME IT WAS ALL RIGHT AND I LISTENED TO THEM, I...I WAS A FOOL!!

YES, LOUIS, I HOPE YOU'VE LEARNED YOUR LESSON...KEEP YOUR CHIN UP, YOU CAN ALWAYS START FRESH, WE ALL WANT TO HELP YOU!!

YES, LEPKE'S MASTERY OF DECEIT GAINED HIM A RELEASE FROM REFORM SCHOOL FOR HIS PETTY CRIMES, A PARDON THAT WAS TO COST THE STATE THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS AND MEAN THE LIVES OF SCORES OF DISHONORABLE

NOW, SON...I KNOW YOU'LL CHOOSE THE STRAIGHT ROAD AND MAKE US ALL PROUD OF YOU!

I CERTAINLY WILL!! MR. HARRIGAN!!

THE SUCKERS, THE DUMB JERKS, HA HA!!

AND SO...INTO THE HEART OF CRIME AGAIN STEPPED LEPKE, NOW OLDER, MORE BRUTAL AND WISER....

COME ON, SLAP, HAPPY, GIVE ME THE DOUGH!! DON'T STALL!!

ALL RIGHT...NO DOUGH? SO I'LL JUST TAKE IT OUT IN TRADE...

SO LONG, FLAT-FOOT! HA, HA!

DON'T! DON'T!! I'LL PAY YOU!! Y, YOU CAN INSURE ME!

THEN CAME THE DAY WHEN LEPKE REALIZED WHAT HE WAS UP AGAINST...WITH THE PRECISE ANALYTICAL MIND OF A BUSINESS MAN HE STUDIED WHAT WAS TO BE HIS LIFE'S WORK....

THIS RACKET'S NO GOOD!! I'LL JUST KEEP GOING UNTIL SOME COP CLIPS ME! THE THING TO DO IS HAVE AN ORGANIZATION FOR PROTECTION, YEAH, THAT'S IT, AN ORGANIZATION!!

LEPKE THEN TIED UP WITH KID DROPPER, NOTORIOUS PROFESSIONAL KILLER....

HELLO KID! HOW ABOUT TAKING ON A NEW EMPLOYEE? I GOT LOTS OF GOOD REFERENCES!

WELL, WELL...IF IT AIN'T LITTLE LEPKE, BEGINNING TO FIND LONE-WOLFING IS TOO TOUGH, EH? I GUESS WE CAN USE YOU, IF YOU KEEP IN LINE LIKE A GOOD BOY!!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

LEPKE WORKED AS A 'SHAKER' (STRONG ARM MAN) IN KID DROPPERS' GANG... AT THIS TIME, LARGE FIRMS WERE HIRING GANGSTERS TO BREAK UP STRIKES THAT THEIR UNFAIR WAGE SYSTEM HAD PRECIPITATED



ALL RIGHT, BOYS, THERE GO TWO OF THE STRIKERS. ALL SET?

RIGHT, LET'S GO!!

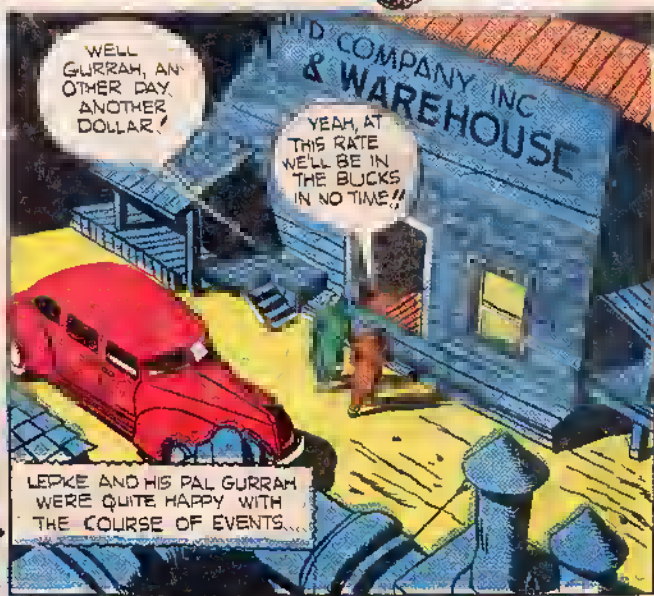


LAY DOWN, YOU BUMS!!

WANTA STOP WORK, DO YA?..



NOW, BOYS, YA BETTER GO BACK TO WORK TOMORROW WITH NO SQUAWKS... IF YA DON'T, I GOTTA FEELING YOU AINT GONNA WORK AGAIN!!



WELL GURRAH, ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER DOLLAR!

YEAH, AT THIS RATE WE'LL BE IN THE BUCKS IN NO TIME!!

LEPKE AND HIS PAL GURRAH WERE QUITE HAPPY WITH THE COURSE OF EVENTS...



YOU CAN FORGET ABOUT THOSE TWO STRIKERS, KID!! THEY'RE TAKEN CARE OF!

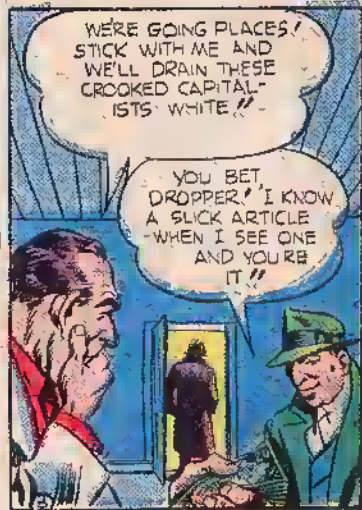
SWELL... MR. STEVENSON WAS GETTIN A LITTLE WORRIED... HE WANTED TO MAKE SURE THE WORK WAS DONE BEFORE PAYIN' OFF!!

WELL, ER... AH...



IT... AH... WASN'T THAT I DIDN'T TRUST YOU, BUT THESE STRIKES HAVE GOT TO STOP! THEY'RE RUINING MY BUSINESS!!

SURE SURE, STEVENSON... I UNDERSTAND... LIKE TO SEE MY BOYS GET THE WORK DONE TOO!



WE'RE GOING PLACES! STICK WITH ME AND WE'LL DRAIN THESE CROOKED CAPITALISTS WHITE!!

YOU BET, DROPPER! I KNOW A SICK ARTICLE WHEN I SEE ONE AND YOU'RE IT!!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

IT WAS AT THIS EVENTFUL PERIOD THAT ONE OF THE GANG NAMED LITTLE ALGE THREW THE BOOM-BELL THAT WAS TO BLAST THE UNDERWORLD WIDE OPEN....

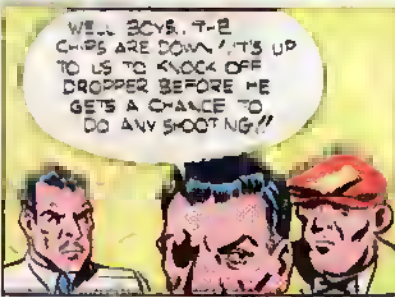
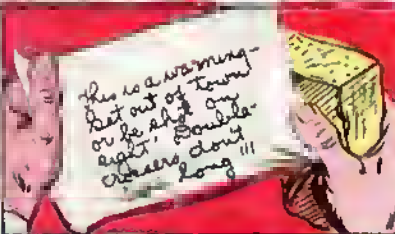


THE NEWS SPREADS FAST...

YEAH, THEY'RE FORMING A NEW MOB...GONNA RUIN YOUR RACKET DROPPER!!



THE BOASTFUL UNDERWORLD WAS NO TIME IN LETTING GURRAH AND LEAPE KNOW THEIR INTENTIONS.



FOR WEEKS BOTH GANGS WAITED PATIENTLY FOR A CHANCE TO STRIKE. THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY CAME TO KID DROPPER'S GANG WHEN LEAPE AND GURRAH WENT WALKING AND TALKING.



BUT IN SOME OF GURRAH'S SARCASM THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED. THE SLY GANGSTER HAD A DIABOLICAL TRICK UP HIS SLEEVE.

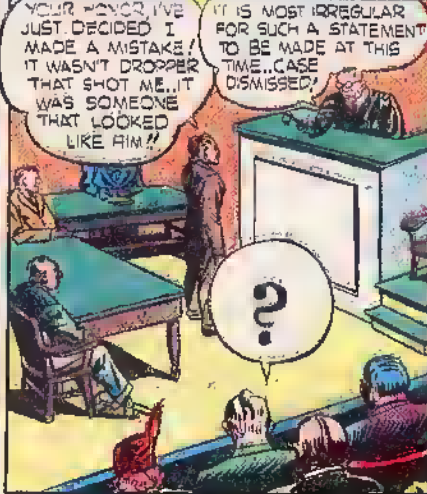


CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THE NEXT DAY A YOUTHFUL IDOLIZER OF LEPKE'S GANG LEADERSHIP WAS PLAYED FOR A PRIZE SUCKER.



SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, THE COURT ROOM WAS BOWLED OVER WHEN GURRAH TOOK THE STAND AGAINST KID DROPPER...



THE GUY'S GOING NUTS... FIRST HE HAULS ME INTO COURT AND THEN DROPS THE CASE...WHAT A SUCKER!!



BUT AS KID DROPPER ENTERED A CAB HEAVILY GUARDED BY POLICE LEPKE'S FIENDISH PLOT TOOK FORM.....

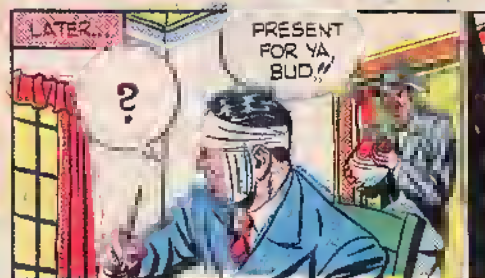
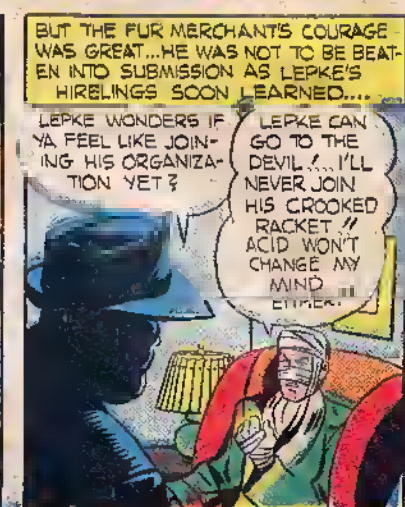
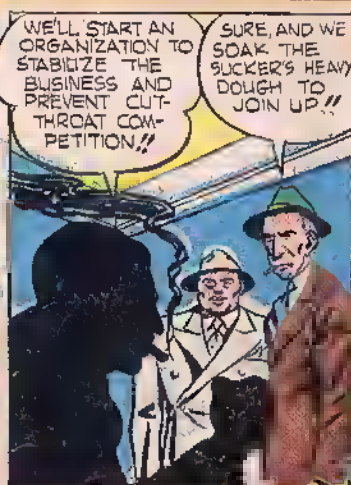
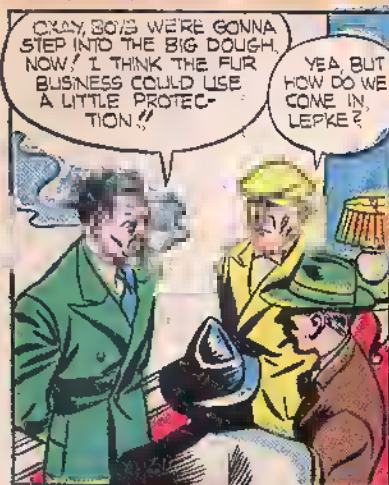


WITH THE MAD COURAGE OF AN ASSASSIN, LEPKE'S HIRED KILLER RUSHED FORWARD AS THE CAB STARTED OFF...HIS TREMBLING HAND PRESSED THE GUN UP AGAINST THE REAR WINDOW...



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

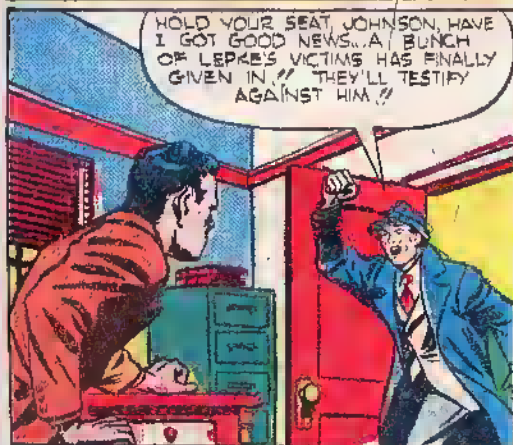
AFTER THIS BIT OF BRUTALITY LEPKE STEPPED INTO THE \$85,000,000 FUR BUSINESS AND FORMED HIS OWN PROTECTIVE CLUB.



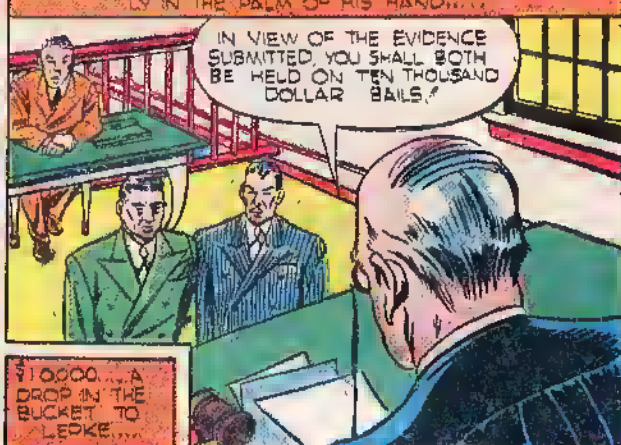
CRIME DOES NOT PAY

MEANWHILE THE F.B.I. HAD FINALLY MANAGED TO GATHER EVIDENCE ENOUGH TO BRING LEPKE INTO COURT...IT LOOKED BLACK FOR THE CRIMINAL...

BUT THOUGH THE GOVERNMENT HAD CRACKED A HARD NUT IN GETTING TERROR STRICKEN WITNESSES TO TESTIFY, IT WAS NOT ENOUGH...LEPKE HAD THE LADY NEATLY IN THE PALM OF HIS HAND...

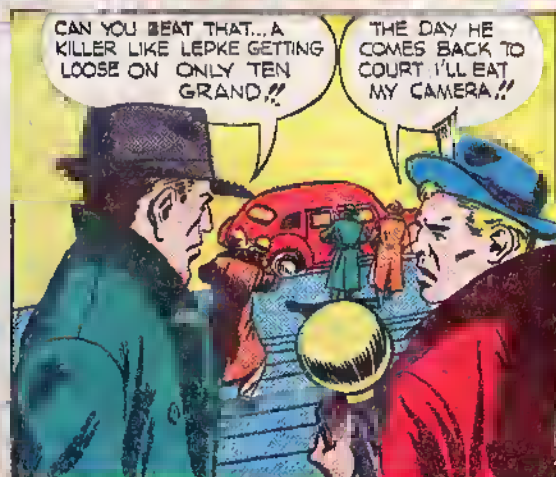


HOLD YOUR SEAT, JOHNSON, HAVE I GOT GOOD NEWS. A BUNCH OF LEPKE'S VICTIMS HAS FINALLY GIVEN IN, THEY'LL TESTIFY AGAINST HIM!!



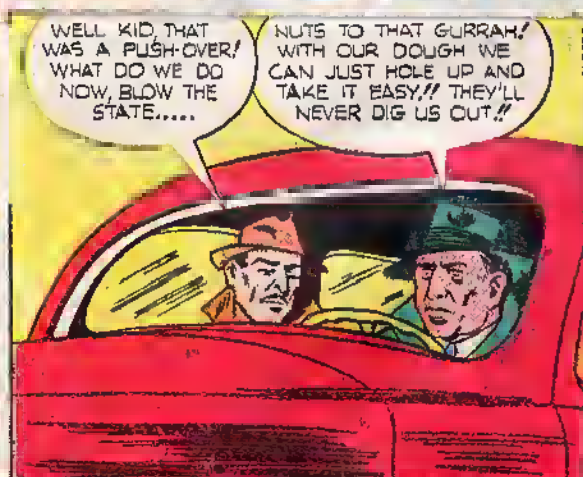
IN VIEW OF THE EVIDENCE SUBMITTED YOU SHALL BOTH BE HELD ON TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR BAILS.

\$10,000...A DROP IN THE BUCKET TO LEPKE...



CAN YOU BEAT THAT...A KILLER LIKE LEPKE GETTING LOOSE ON ONLY TEN GRAND!!

THE DAY HE COMES BACK TO COURT I'LL EAT MY CAMERA!!



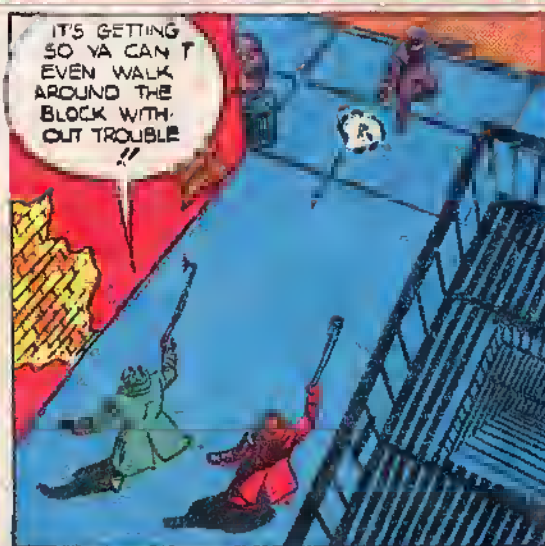
WELL KID, THAT WAS A PUSH-OVER! WHAT DO WE DO NOW, BLOW THE STATE.....

NUTS TO THAT GURRAH! WITH OUR DOUGH WE CAN JUST HOLE UP AND TAKE IT EASY, THEY'LL NEVER DIG US OUT!!



YOU DOPE!! I TOLD YA WE SHOULDN'T OF STEPPED OUT FOR A DRINK!

HOW'D I KNOW THEY'D SPOT US?



IT'S GETTING SO YA CAN'T EVEN WALK AROUND THE BLOCK WITHOUT TROUBLE!!

AND SO IN THE FOLLOWING MONTHS, LEPKE AND GURRAH SOUGHT THE DARK HIDE-OUTS OF THE UNDERWORLD.....LIFE WAS A NEVER CEASING GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK WITH THE POLICE... BUT SOMEHOW, SOMEWAY THEY ALWAYS MANAGED TO BLUDGE THE ARM OF JUSTICE.....

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

AS TIME ROLLED ON, THE POLICE NET PINCHED TIGHTER AND MONEY WAS GROWING LOW... GURRAH FELT THE PRESSURE FIRST...

SLOWLY, LITTLE BY LITTLE, THE F.B.I. TRAP TIGHTENED... ALL SOURCES OF REVENUE FOR THE GANGSTERS WERE BEING SHUT OFF GRADUALLY....

FINALLY THE UNEVITABLE HAD BECOME... GURRAH TURNED HIMSELF IN A TIRED AND BROKEN MAN...

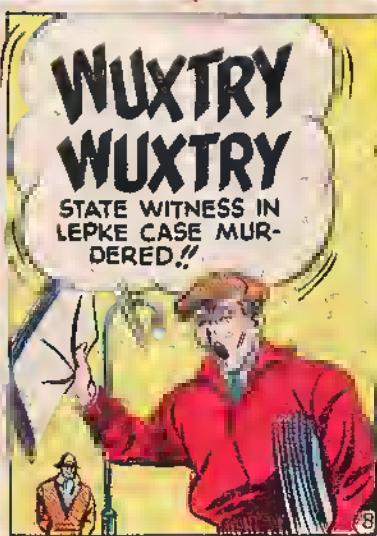
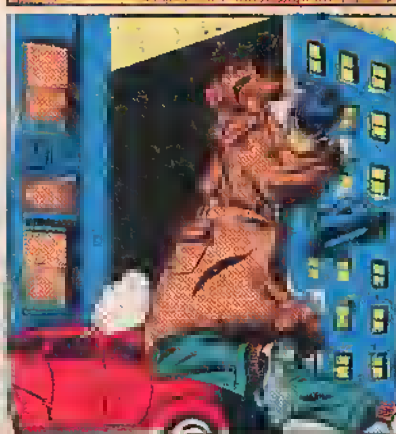


BUT THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE WAS NOT CONTENT WITH JUST GURRAH... IMMEDIATELY THEIR CAMPAIGN FOR LEPKE WAS GIVEN NEW AND MORE POWERFUL AMMUNITION....

LEPKE KNEW WHAT THIS MEANT... EVEN HIS BEST FRIEND MIGHT TURN HIM IN FOR SUCH A REWARD....



SO ONCE AGAIN LEPKE FELL BACK INTO THE BUTTER HE CAME FROM... NO MORE A SLAVE GANGSTER BOSS BUT A LOW VICIOUS STREET KILLER...



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



HEY, LEPKE!
GET A LOAD
OF THIS!!

WHAT'S
UP
RED?

THERE'S NO
DOUBT ABOUT
IT, THAT BIRD'S
READY TO
TESTIFY AGAINST
YOU ANY
DAY!!

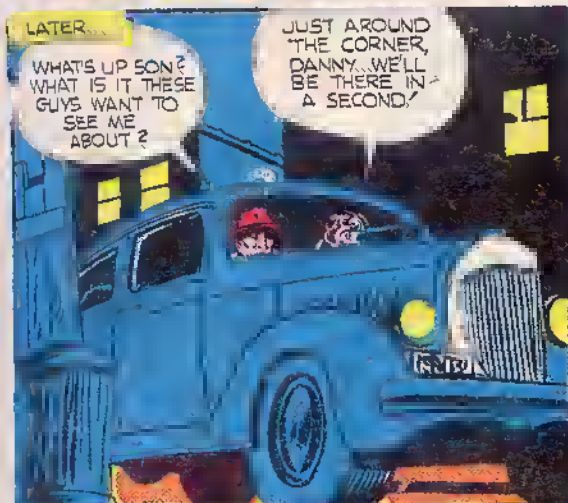
**DANNY FIELD
RELEASED**
WILL TURN STATE
EVIDENCE

YEAH, SOME-
THINGS GOTTA
BE DONE!!
DANNY'S OUT
TO SAVE HIS
YELLOW
SKIN!!

BY THIS TIME THE YOUTH WHO
HAD BUMPED OFF KID DROP-
PER WAS OUT ON PAROLE...
LEPKE CALLED HIM IN.....

SON, I WANT YOU TO
DO ME A FAVOR... DANNY
FIELDS NEEDS TO BE CUT!
WE WANT SOMEONE TO
LURE HIM OUT OF
HIDING... WHAT
SAY?

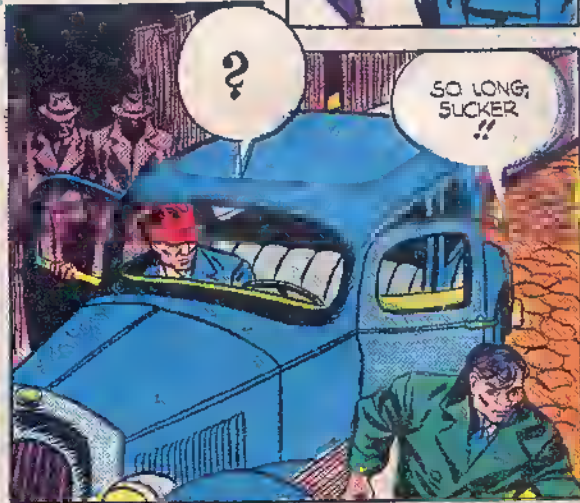
OKAY,
LEPKE!!



LATER...

WHAT'S UP SON?
WHAT IS IT THESE
GUYS WANT TO
SEE ME
ABOUT?

JUST AROUND
THE CORNER,
DANNY, WE'LL
BE THERE IN
A SECOND!



?

SO LONG,
SUCKER
!!



HEY!!
WHAT'S
THE
AAARGH

QUICKLY THE GUNMEN TURN-
ED AND BLASTED AWAY
AT THE FLEEING YOUTH...
LEPKE FELT HE HAD SERV-
ED HIS PURPOSE....



SORRY
KID!!



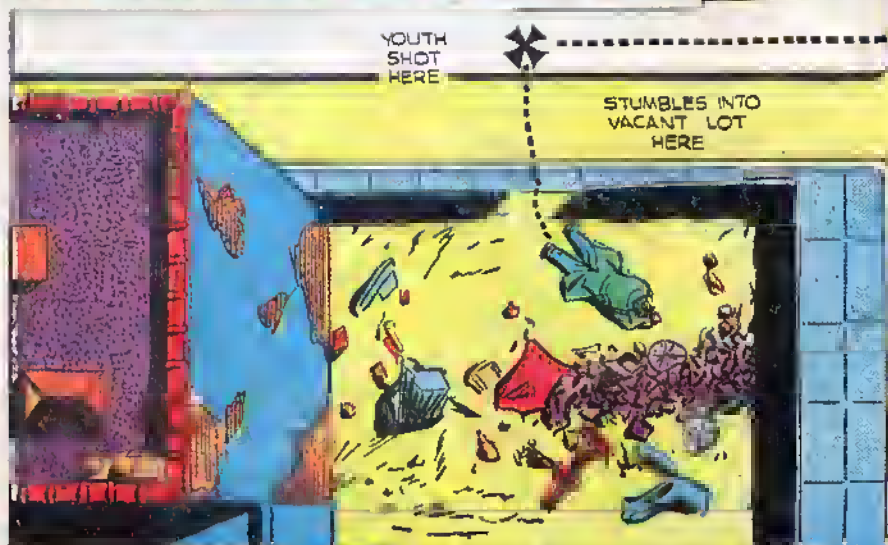
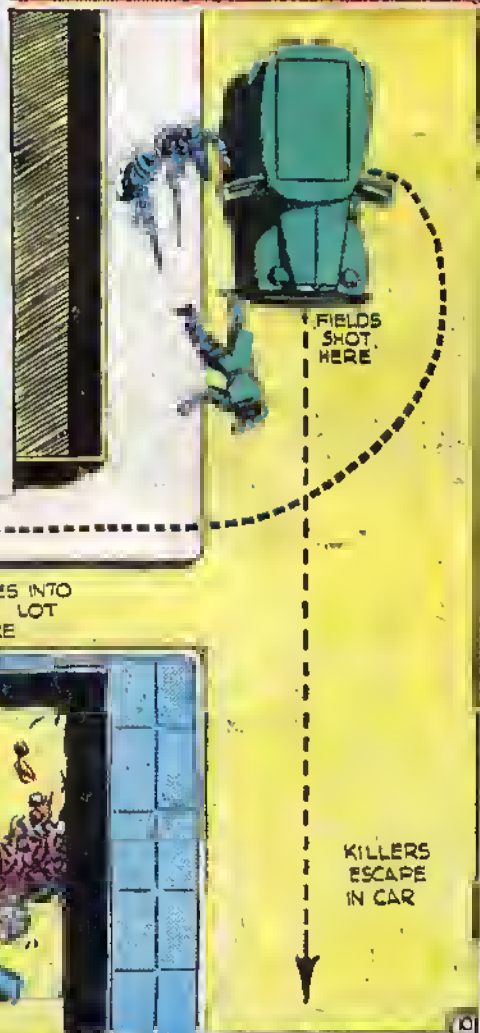
THE
DIRTY...
DOUBLE-
CROSSING...

CRIME
DOES
NOT
PAY

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



DIAGRAM OF THE KILLING....



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

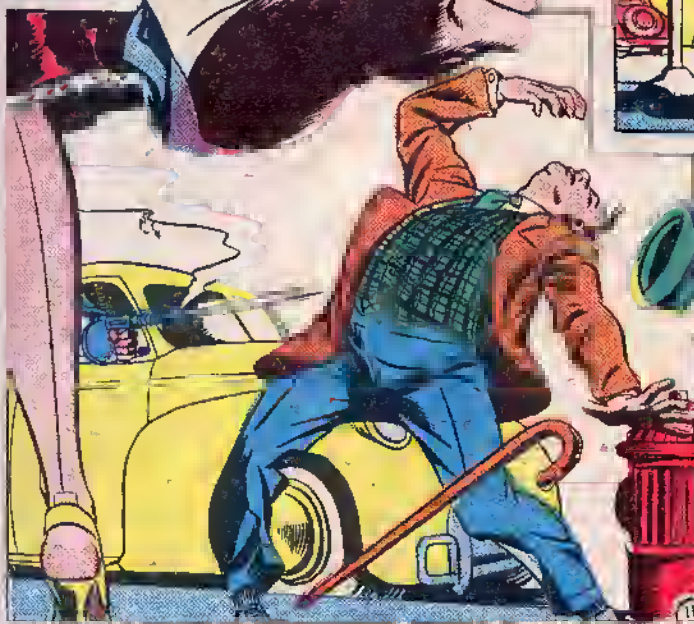
THE RY OF LEKES ANGER ROSE DAY BY DAY, MONTH BY MONTH...MEN WHO COULD TESTIFY AGAINST THIS CRIME CZAR CAME TO SUDDEN AND MYSTERIOUS ENDS...THOSE WHO DID NOT DISAPPEAR INTO THIN AIR WERE BLASTED INTO OBLIVION BY THE HOT LEAD OF HIRED ASSASSINS...DEATH ENJOYED A BLOODY FESTIVAL DURING THOSE TRAGIC DAYS...

FROM THE HIDDEN RECESSES OF DARK-ENED DOORWAYS DOOM SPAT OUT...

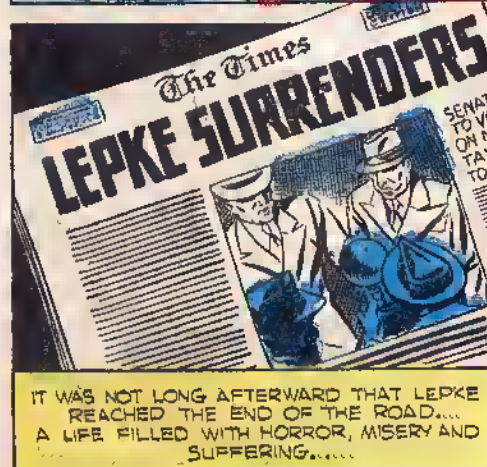
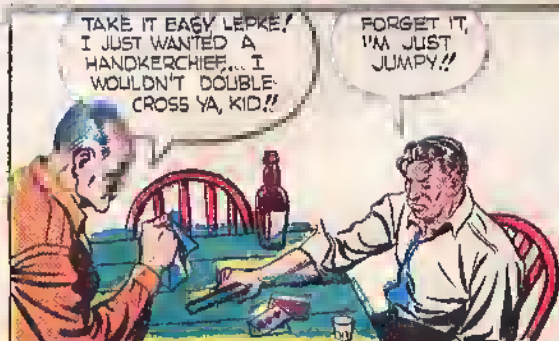
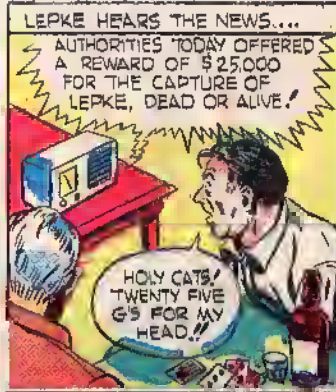
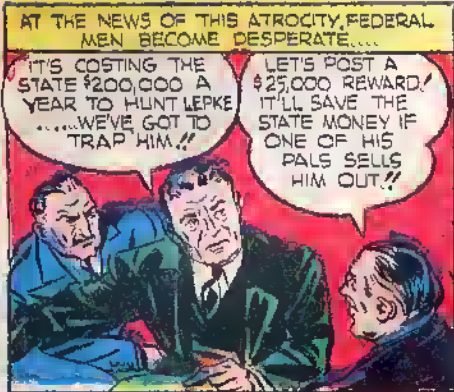


THEN CAME THE DARK DEED THAT WAS TO BRAND LEKKE A BRUTAL BUTCHER WHO WOULD STOP AT NOTHING. IRVING PENN AN INNOCENT MAN TOOK A STROLL ONE DAY. A MAN WITH ONE FAULT HE RESEMBLED A WITNESS AGAINST LEKKE...

THE TERRIFYING MERRY-GO-ROUND OF MURDER CONTINUED ON AND ON...AND LITTLE BY LITTLE WITNESSES WERE NO MORE.....



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



NEXT MONTH... DISGRACE TO THE HUMAN RACE NO. 2, **BABY-FACE NELSON**....

CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

WILD BILL HICKOK

FOR DEFENSE



BUY
UNITED
STATES
SAVINGS
BONDS
AND STAMPS

THE FASTEST, TOUGHEST,
SUREST MAN WITH
A SIX INCH SHOOT-
ER THE WEST EVER
KNEW.



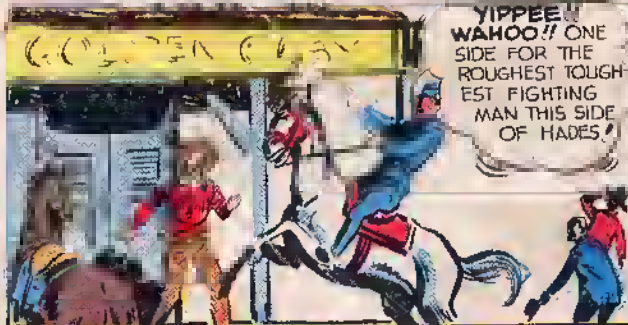
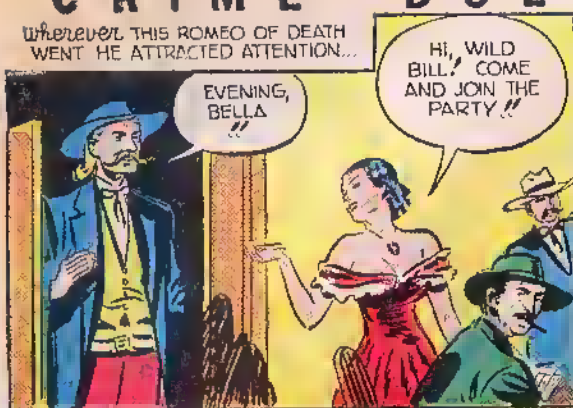
AS A PEACE OFFICER IN HAYES CITY, HICK-
OCK USUALLY WALKED THE CENTER OF A
DIRT STREET INSTEAD OF THE SIDEWALK...
WARF OF ANY AMBITIOUS GUNMAN THAT
MIGHT LURK IN DOORWAYS OR ALLEYS
TO GAIN THE DISTINCTION OF KILLING THE
COUNTRY'S SHARPEST MARKSMAN...



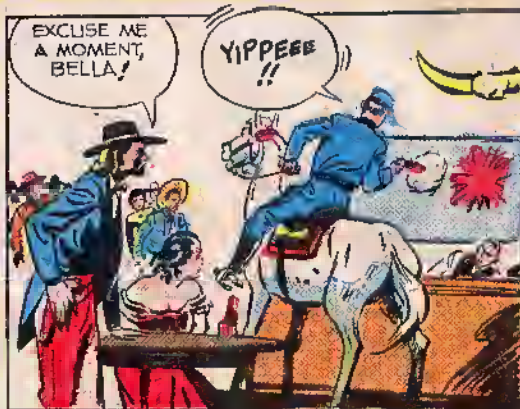
BEAUTY AND BULLETS MIGHT BE A TERM
USED TO DESCRIBE WILD BILL HICKOK'S BLOOD-
SOAKED CAREER... HIS ABILITY TO MIX LEAD
AND KISSES WITH EQUAL DEADLINESS GAVE
HIM A NAME THAT CHILLED THE HEARTS OF
GUNMEN AND WARMED THE BOSOMS OF
FAIR WESTERN BELLES... LEGEND HAS IT THAT
EIGHTY SEVEN MEN; NOT COUNTING INDIANS
MET DEATH FROM THE BLAZING BARRELS OF
WILD BILL'S SIX SHOOTERS... THE NUMBER
OF BROKEN HEARTS HE LEFT BEHIND HIM
WILL FOREVER REMAIN ANOTHER MYSTERY
OF THE ONE TIME WILD AND WOOLLY WEST.

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

WHEREVER THIS ROMEO OF DEATH WENT HE ATTRACTED ATTENTION...



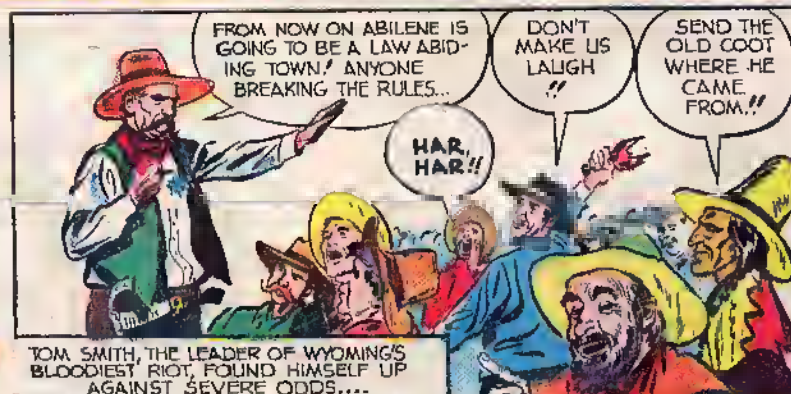
BUT WHILE SMART MEN AVOIDED WILD BILL, THERE WERE OTHERS WHO DIDN'T...HARDENED GUNMEN WHO CRAZED WITH LIQUOR KNEW NO FEAR FOR MAN OR BEAST.....



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



Yes, AS CALMLY AS HE'D LIGHT A CIGARETTE, WILD BILL COULD KILL A MAN ...SOME FOLKS THOUGHT IT WAS SOME SUPERNATURAL POWER THAT ENABLED HIM TO OUT-SHOOT A MAN EVEN WHEN THE OTHER DREW FIRST...BUT IT WASN'T...IT WAS DUE TO LIGHTNING REFLEXES AND A SENSE OF TIMING THAT WAS UNCANNY...

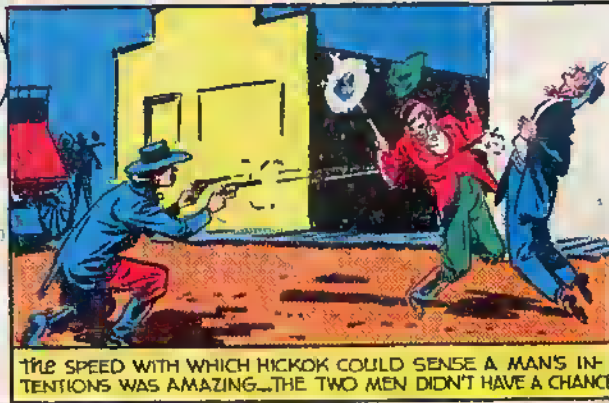
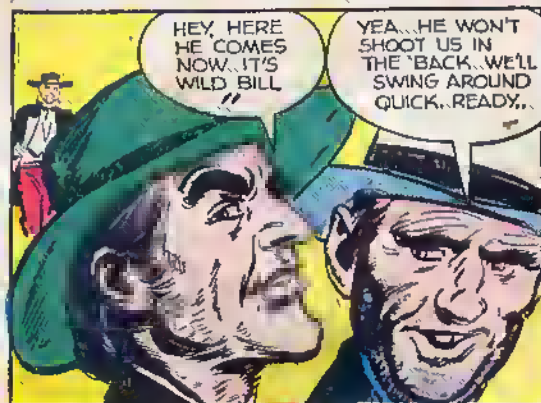
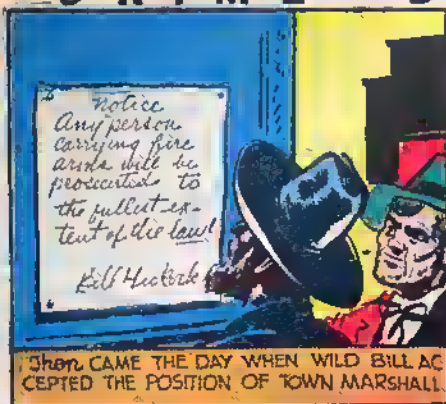


TOM SMITH, THE LEADER OF WYOMING'S BLOODIEST RIOT, FOUND HIMSELF UP AGAINST SEVERE ODDS.... WHEN HE TRIED TO CLEAN UP THIS NOTORIOUS VILLAINS' VILLAGE....

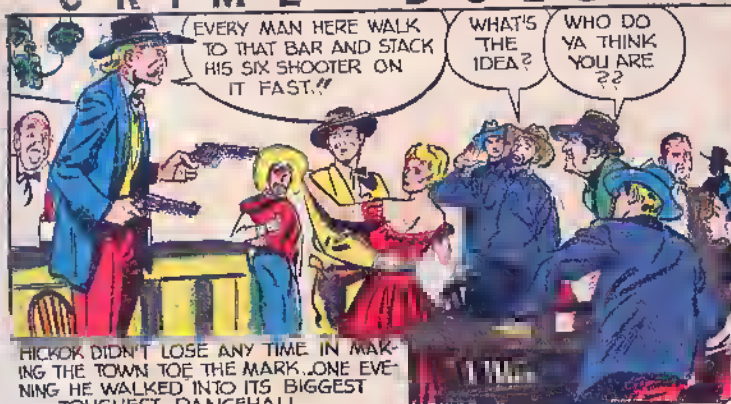


TOM SMITH WAS BURIED TWO DAYS LATER...

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



EVERY MAN HERE WALK TO THAT BAR AND STACK HIS SIX SHOOTER ON IT FAST!!

WHAT'S THE IDEA?

WHO DO YA THINK YOU ARE??

HICKOK DIDN'T LOSE ANY TIME IN MARKING THE TOWN TOE THE MARK...ONE EVENING HE WALKED INTO ITS BIGGEST TOUGHEST DANCEHALL...



I DON'T LIKE TO THINK I GOTTA BORE HOLES THROUGH ANY MORE OF YOU COYOTES, BUT IN TEN SECONDS I'M GONNA START FIRING!!



HERE, RED, SLAP THIS ON THE BAR, THE REST OF YOU BOYS DO LIKEWISE! THEN COME IN THE BACK ROOM!!

OKAY, HANKER!! COME ON GANG!

I THINK WE'VE HAD OUR BELLIES FULL OF HICKOK AROUND HERE, MEN... SOMEONE'S GOTTA PUT HOLES THROUGH HIS HIDE!



DON'T LOOK AT ME! I AIN'T FAST ENOUGH ON THE DRAW TO STAND A PRAIRIE DOG'S CHANCE!

ME NEITHER!!

NO, THE TOWN GAMBLERS DIDN'T LIKE WILD BILL'S ATTITUDE...AND USUALLY WHEN THEY DIDN'T LIKE SOMETHING, IT DIDN'T LAST LONG...



I CAN SEE YOU BIG BRAVE KILLERS WANT TO BE COAXED... WELL, LET'S SAY WE PUT UP A PURSE OF TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS...

NOT ME!

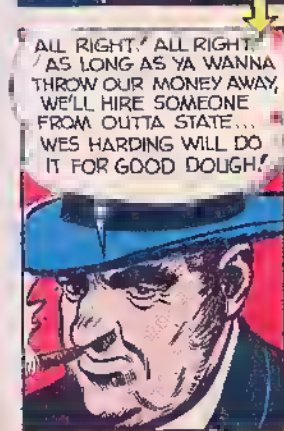
I'M WORTH MORE THAN 2 GRAND!!

IF YOU'LL DO IT, HANKER, I'LL FOOT HALF THE PURSE!!

...AND HE WASN'T THE TYPE TO LET WILD BILL HICKOK'S REPUTATION SCARE HIM...



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THESE GOAT-HEADS IN ABILENE.. HICKOK'S ANOTHER GUN TOTTER THAT'S ALL!!



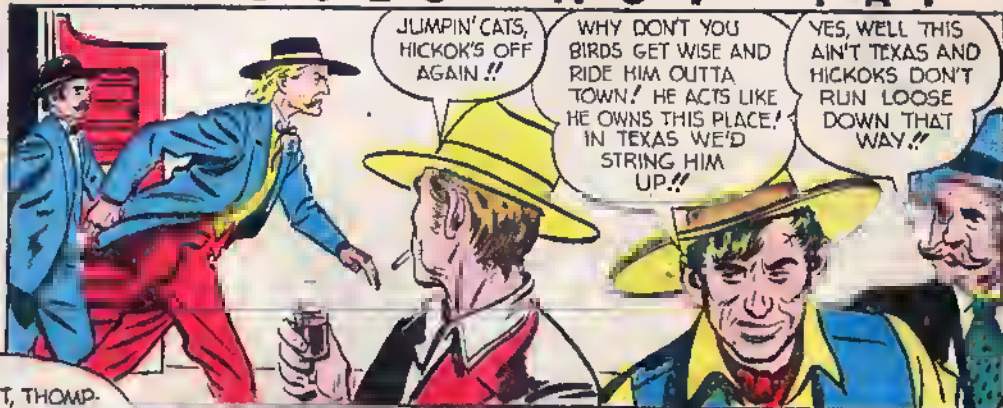
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! AS LONG AS YA WANNA THROW OUR MONEY AWAY, WE'LL HIRE SOMEONE FROM OUTTA STATE... WES HARDING WILL DO IT FOR GOOD DOUGH!



SO IT WAS THAT WES HARDING, COOLEST DESPERADO IN TEXAS MOVED IN ON ABILENE.. IN HIS 25 YEARS HE HAD KILLED 34 MEN AND WAS STILL GOING STRONG...

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

Q&A THE DAYS ROLLED BY, WES HARDING WAITED FOR HIS CHANCE TO SHOOT IT OUT AND WILD BILL CONTINUED HIS FORCEFUL CLEAN-UP... THEN ONE EVENING IN BEN THOMPSON'S GAMBLING SALOON.....



JUMPIN' CATS, HICKOK'S OFF AGAIN!!

WHY DON'T YOU BIRDS GET WISE AND RIDE HIM OUTTA TOWN! HE ACTS LIKE HE OWNS THIS PLACE! IN TEXAS WE'D STRING HIM UP!!

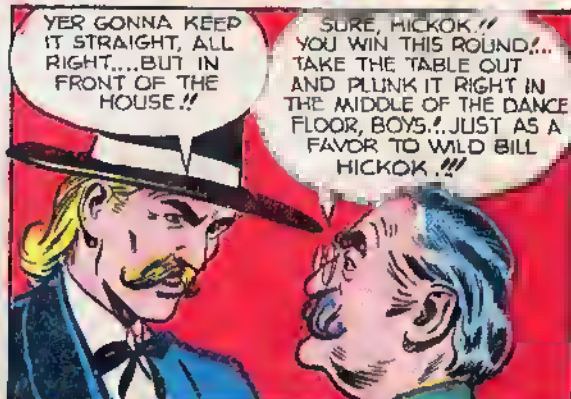
YES, WELL THIS AIN'T TEXAS AND HICKOKS DON'T RUN LOOSE DOWN THAT WAY!!

ALL RIGHT, THOMPSON, I'VE WARNED YOU ENOUGH..CART THAT CROOKED CHIP TABLE OUT WHERE EVERYBODY CAN SEE IT!!

LISTEN, HICKOK!! DON'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING THAT SQUIRT AT YER SIDE SAYS!! I RUN A STRAIGHT GAME HERE AND INTEND TO KEEP IT THAT WAY!!

YER GONNA KEEP IT STRAIGHT, ALL RIGHT,...BUT IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE!!

SURE, HICKOK!! YOU WIN THIS ROUND,... TAKE THE TABLE OUT AND PLUNK IT RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DANCE FLOOR, BOYS!! JUST AS A FAVOR TO WILD BILL HICKOK!!!



T..THANKS, A LOT MR. HICKOK....I DIDN'T WANT OTHERS TO GET CHEATED TOO !!!

FORGET IT!! ANY-TIME YOU'RE IN TROUBLE, LET ME KNOW !!!

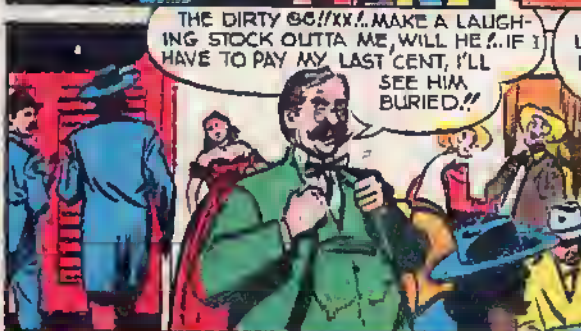
HO, HO!! HAR HAR!! ALL HICKOK DOES IS OPEN HIS MOUTH AND EVERYONE JUMPS!! WHAT'S HE A SPOOK?



THE DIRTY SC//XX!. MAKE A LAUGHING STOCK OUTTA ME, WILL HE?. IF I HAVE TO PAY MY LAST CENT, I'LL SEE HIM BURIED!!

THAT'S WES HARDING LAUGHING AT THE BAR, MR. HICKOK!! HE'S AFTER YOUR HIDE.... BETTER BE CAREFUL!!

I KNOW THAT, BUT IT'S BETTER TO WAIT THOSE BABIES OUT... SOONER OR LATER, THEY GET CONFIDENT AND SHOW THEIR HAND, THEN, I SHOOT IT OFF!!



The TOWN WAS REALLY A HOT NEST OF HATE FOR WILD BILL NOW...WITH EVERY TOUGH GAMBLER IN TOWN THIRSTY FOR HIS BLOOD. IT WAS A MIRACLE HE HAD LIVED SO LONG.....

BILL'S STRATEGY WAS TO LET HIS ENEMIES GET OVERCONFIDENT. HE NEVER REACHED FOR A GUN UNLESS HE INTENDED TO USE IT...AND WHEN HE DID, SOMEBODY DROPPED....

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

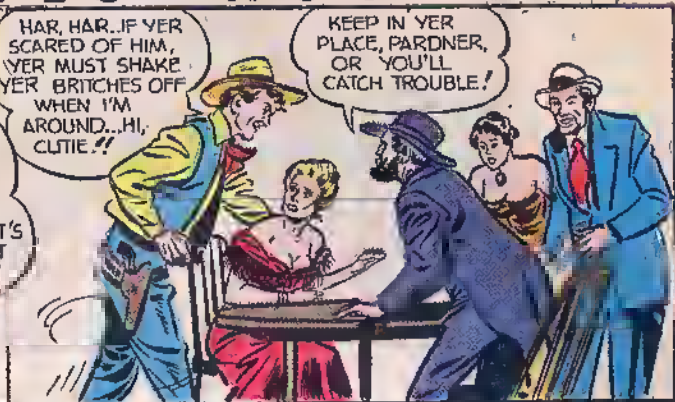
WES HARDING FINALLY FELL INTO HICKOK'S TRAP...WHEN BILL FAILED TO BOTHER HIM, HIS COURAGE GREW UNTIL HE REALLY THOUGHT THE MARSHALL WAS AFRAID OF HIM.....

HAR, HAR..IF YER SCARED OF HIM, YER MUST SHAKE YER BRITCHES OFF WHEN I'M AROUND...HI, CLUTIE!!

KEEP IN YER PLACE, PARDNER, OR YOU'LL CATCH TROUBLE!

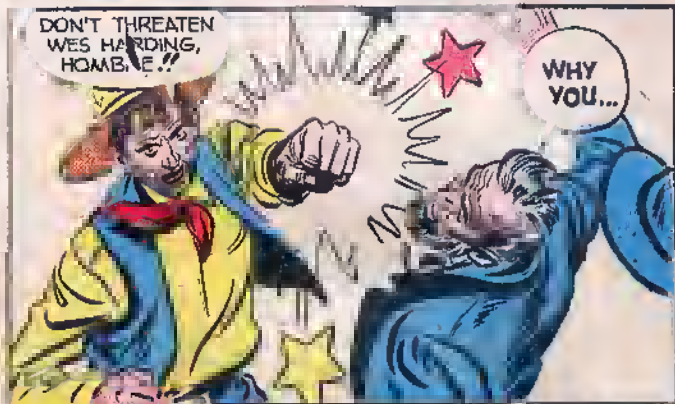
GIMME ANOTHER SHOT!

WHERE'S THIS WILD BILL?.. HE KNOWS I'M GONNA PUNCTURE HIS ROTTEN HIDE! THAT'S WHY HE DON'T SHOW UP!!



DON'T THREATEN WES HARDING, HOAMB, E..!!

WHY YOU...



SIT DOWN, FELLA!..HERE, I'LL HELP YOU!!



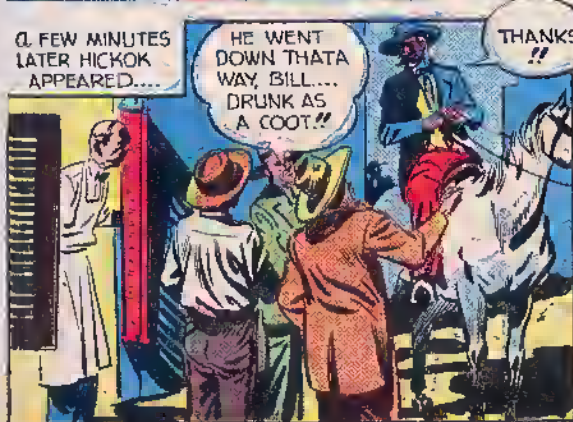
SO LONG, EVERY-BODY!!!GIVE MY REGARDS TO BILL HICKOK AND (HIC) TELL HIM HE SMELLS!! (HIC, HIC)



A FEW MINUTES LATER HICKOK APPEARED....

HE WENT DOWN THATA WAY, BILL.... DRUNK AS A COOT!!

THANKS !!



Finally BILL TRACED HIM BACK TO HIS HOTEL WHERE THE OUTLAW HAD EVIDENTLY ENDED UP DRUNK....



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

BUT SOMEHOW, HARDING HAD BEEN PRE-WARNED OF BILL'S VISIT... HE SAW HIM COMING FROM THE HOTEL WINDOW AND ALL HIS FALSE COURAGE VANISHED SUDDENLY.



I...IT'S HICKOK! H...HE'S OUT TA SHOOT ME - DOWN!!



GOTTA GET AWAY!!



WES HARDING'S WILD PLUNGE CARRIED HIM STRAIGHT INTO WILD BILL'S CARRIAGE..... BUT HE DIDN'T STOP THERE...

HE...HE WON'T GIVE ME A CHANCE!



I...I DON'T WANTA DIE NOW!!



WES HARDING, THE TOUGH DESPERADO, RODE OFF THAT NIGHT, DRESSED AS HE WAS, FOR TEXAS, NEVER TO RETURN....

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THE NEXT KILLER WHO UNDERTOOK THE JOB OF REMOVING WILD BILL WAS PHIL COLE, ALSO OF TEXAS. HE BARGED INTO TOWN FULL OF POMP AND SWAGGER.



SO THIS IS THE TOWN WILD BILL HICKOK, THE TERROR, RUNS.

IMPATIENT WITH THE WAY WILD BILL HAD BEEN IGNORING HIM, COLE DECIDED TO STIR UP SOME TROUBLE AND AGGRAVATE THE SITUATION HIMSELF... A FATAL MISTAKE...



YIPPEE!! WAHOO!! LET'S HAVE FUN AND FIRE GUNS!! HELLO, DOGGIE...



...AND GOOD-BYE!!



ATTRACTED BY THE GUN FIRE, HICKOK CAME OUT OF A RESTAURANT AND...

WHO'S MAKING ALL THE NOISE HERE?

I AM!!



ANOTHER KILLER HAD LEARNED A FIRST DRAW WASN'T FAST ENOUGH.....

ONE OF THE SADDEST MOMENTS IN WILD BILL'S CAREER HAPPENED AT THIS MOMENT... THINKING ANOTHER FIGURE WHO RAN INTO THE SCENE TO BE COLE'S PAL, HICKOK SHOT AND KILLED HIM. IT TURNED OUT TO BE MIKE McWILLIAMS, ONE OF HIS DEPUTIES AND BEST FRIEND.



IT'S ME, BILL, MIKE



OH, MY GOSH, I DIDN'T KNOW WHO HE WAS!

HE WAS JUST TRYING TO HELP YOU, BILL!!

JEWSA CAME TO WILD BILL'S EYES AS HE WATCHED HIS FRIEND'S LIFE TAID AWAY BEFORE HIM... A MISTAKE HE COULD NEVER CORRECT.....

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

WITH HALF THE TOWN WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO KILL HIM, WILD BILL WAS STILL A MOST ENJOYABLE AND LIKEABLE PERSON AMONG HIS FRIENDS. OFTEN HE WOULD PLEASE THEM WITH HIS AMAZING EXHIBITION OF MARKSMANSHIP.

GOSH! HE PICKS IT OFF LIKE NOTHING AT ALL!!

GOLLY... I COULDN'T HIT A DIME WITH A CANNON BALL!!

IT'S AMAZING! POSITIVELY AMAZING!!

DO IT AGAIN WILL YOU, BILL?

THAT'S HICKOK ALL RIGHT!! ALL THE MONEY I NEED IF I GET HIM...

DEATH CAME TO WILD BILL HICKOK FROM ONE SIMPLE MISTAKE. HE WAS SITTING WITH HIS BACK TO THE DOOR WHILE PLAYING CARDS. SOMETHING HE HAD NEVER DONE BEFORE.....STEALTHILY THE COWARD SNEAKED UP BEHIND HIM.....

ONE OF THE STRANGEST SAGAS OF THE WEST IS THE STORY THAT WHILE HICKOK HAD NO KNOWLEDGE ANYONE WAS BEHIND HIM. HE STILL HAD BOTH GUNS IN HIS HAND WHEN THEY PICKED HIM UP. IN THE SPLIT INSTANT THE BULLET WAS FLOWING THROUGH HIS BRAIN. HIS LIGHTNING REFLEXES AUTOMATICALLY MADE HIM GRAB HIS SIX SHOOTERS. IS IT ANY WONDER THIS MIRACLE MARKSMAN COULD NOT BE KILLED FACE TO FACE?

Next Month CRIME COMICS BRINGS YOU THE DYNAMIC, DYNAMITE PACKED STORY OF MEXICO'S MOST COLORFUL CHARACTER... **PANCHO VILLA!!**

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

OFFICER EDWARD MAHER

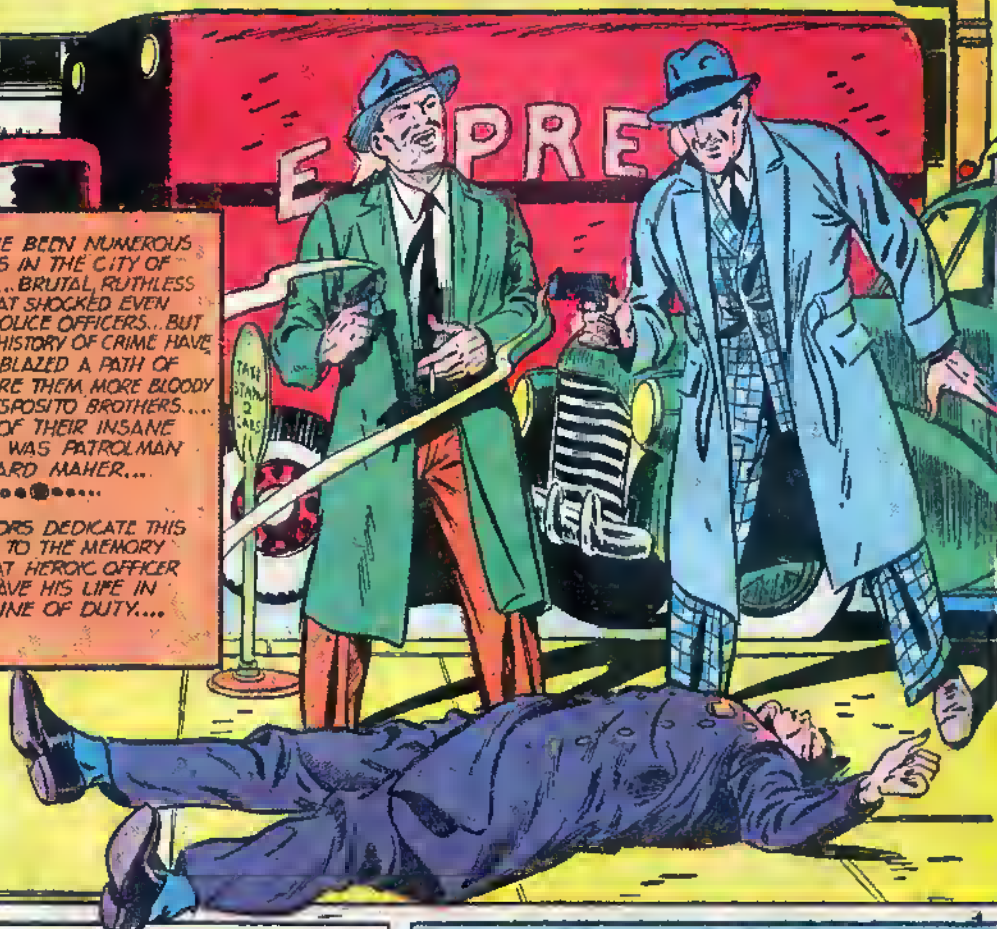
and the *Mad Dog* Killers of FIFTH AVENUE

There HAVE BEEN NUMEROUS KILLINGS IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK... BRUTAL, RUTHLESS MURDERS THAT SHOCKED EVEN HARDENED POLICE OFFICERS... BUT NEVER IN THE HISTORY OF CRIME HAVE TWO MEN BLAZED A PATH OF DEATH BEFORE THEM MORE BLOODY THAN THE ESPOSITO BROTHERS... A VICTIM OF THEIR INSANE CAMPAIGN WAS PATROLMAN EDWARD MAHER...

The EDITORS DEDICATE THIS STORY TO THE MEMORY OF THAT HEROIC OFFICER WHO GAVE HIS LIFE IN THE LINE OF DUTY...

FOR VICTORY

BUY
UNITED
STATES
DEFENSE
BONDS
AND
STAMPS



OUR TALE OF BUTCHERY BEGINS ONE BRIGHT AFTER-NOON IN FRONT OF THE IRVING TRUST COMPANY... LITTLE DID ALFRED KLAUSMAN KNOW THAT TRAGEDY STALKED HIS FOOTSTEPS....

WITH THE TREAD OF DOOM CLOSE BEHIND HIM, THE YOUNG MONEY CARRIER ENTERS HIS FIRM'S BUILDING,....



AS THE ELEVATOR
DOOR CLANGS SHUT...

THIS IS A STICK-UP,
BUD / BACK UP
AGAINST THE
CAR!!



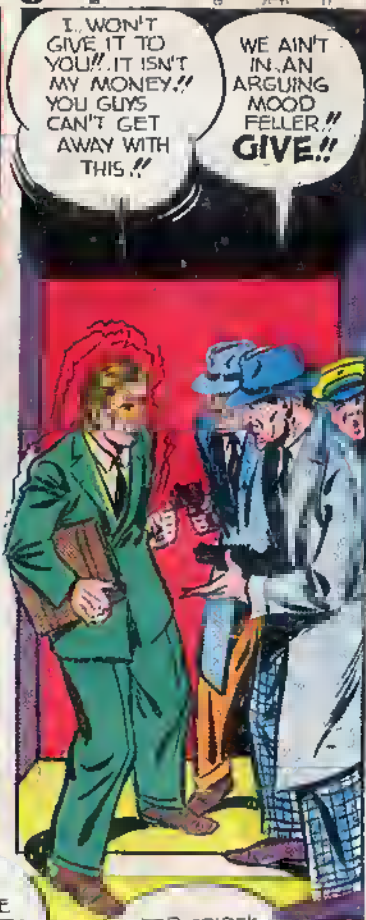
IF YA DON'T WANNA
DIE YOUNG, STOP THIS
RAT-TRAP BETWEEN
FLOORS!!

SURE...
SURE...
D. DON'T
SHOOT!!



I.. WON'T
GIVE IT TO
YOU!!.. IT ISN'T
MY MONEY!!
YOU GUYS
CAN'T GET
AWAY WITH
THIS !!

WE AIN'T
IN AN
ARGUING
MOOD
FELLER!!
GIVE!!



KLAISMAN WOULDN'T GIVE, BUT ANTHONY
ESPOSITO DID... HIS VICIOUS LITTLE MIND
SEEING RED, HE BLASTED A BULLET THROUGH
THE HEAD OF THE TREMBLING FIGURE
BEFORE HIM....

OKAY,
JOIK!!

BANG



I BETTER
POP THE KID
OFF TOO!!

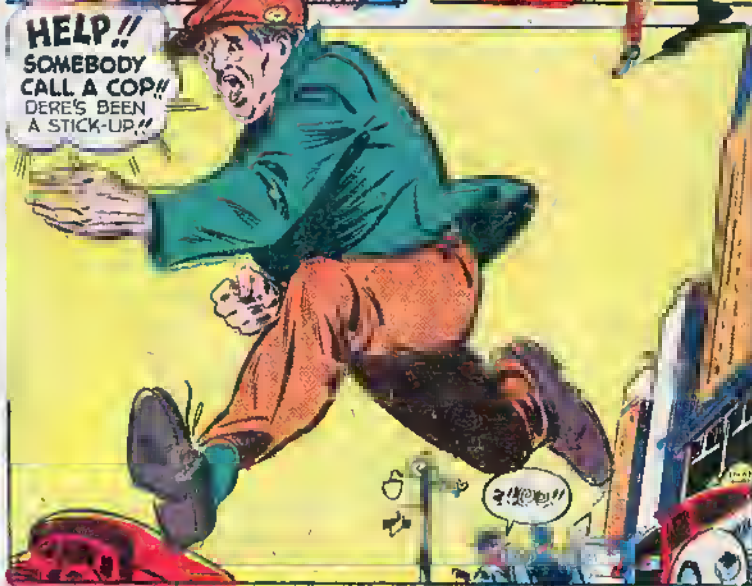
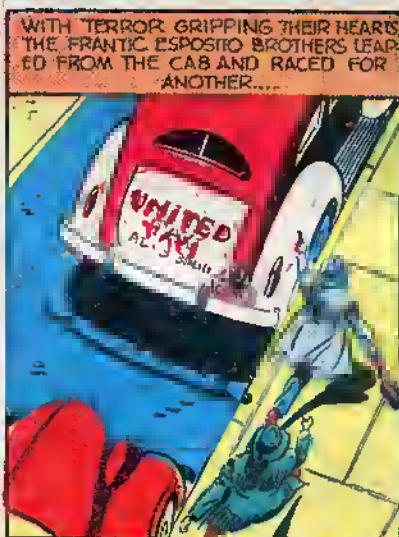
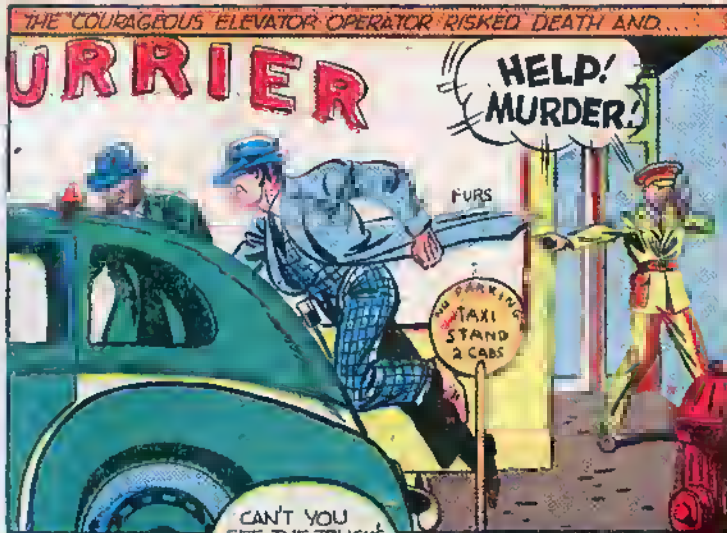
NAW, WE
CAN'T WORK
DA CAR!! TAKE
US DOWN, PANTY-
WAIST!! THEN,
SCRAM UPSTAIRS
OR YOU GET
THE SAME!!



FER CRIPES
SAKE, LIFT YER
FEET!!.. THIS
JOINT WILL GO
NUTS IN A
MINUTE!!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

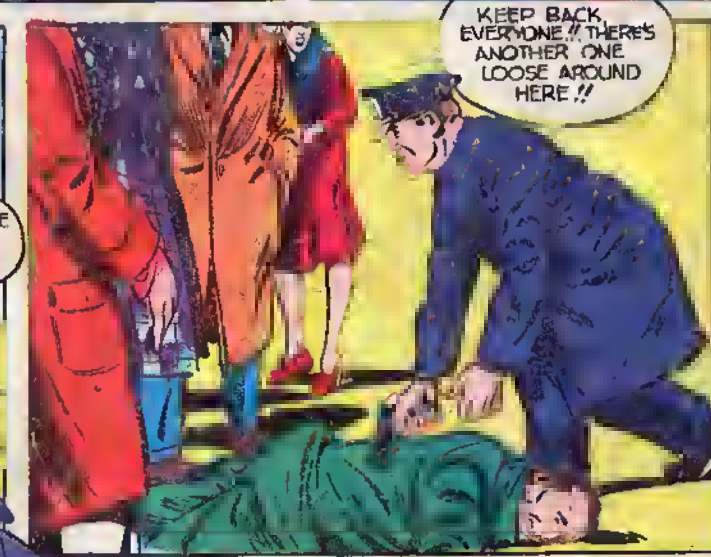


CAREFULLY, PATROLMAN MAHER LEVELED HIS SERVICE REVOLVER AT THE FLEEING KILLERS...

THOSE BOYS ARE KILLERS! BETTER NOT TAKE ANY CHANCES!!

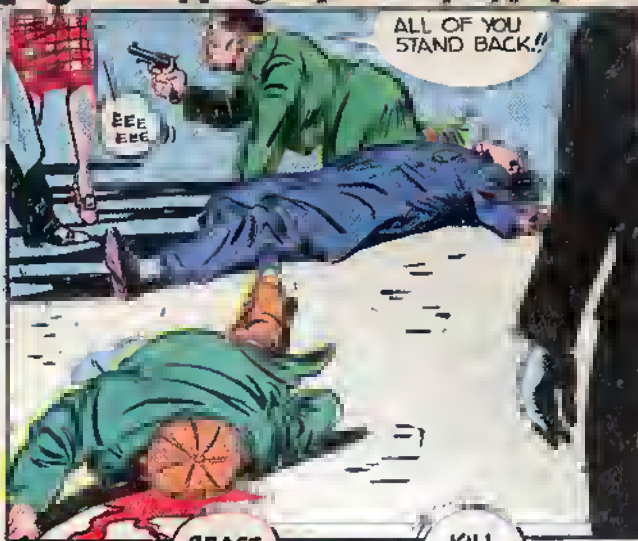


MAHER'S BULLETS APPEARED TO STRIKE HOME... ANTHONY ESPOSITO SUDDENLY CLUTCHED HIS WAIST AND STAGGERED TO THE SIDEWALK...



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

...HE PAID A
HEAVY PRICE
FOR HIS
COURAGE...



ALL OF YOU
STAND BACK!!

EEE
EEE

BEAST!!

KILL
HIM!!

WITHOUT A MOMENT'S HESITATION,
INFURIATED ONLOOKERS LEAPED
IN AT THE RISK OF THEIR LIVES...



WITH ANTHONY ESPOSITO SUBDUED AND WEeping ON
THE PAVEMENT, ARRIVING POLICE TRIED TO PIECE THE
DRAMA TOGETHER...



THERE'S ANOTHER
ONE! HE BEAT IT
ACROSS THE
STREET!!

I SAW HIM, OFFICER!
HE STARTED TO
COME BACK, THEN DUCK-
ED INTO THE FIVE-AND-
TEN WHEN WE OVER-
POWERED THIS
GUY!!

THEY SHOT
DOWN A PAY-
ROLL CARRIER
IN COLD BLOOD.
HE'S IN THE
ELEVATOR,
DEAD!!

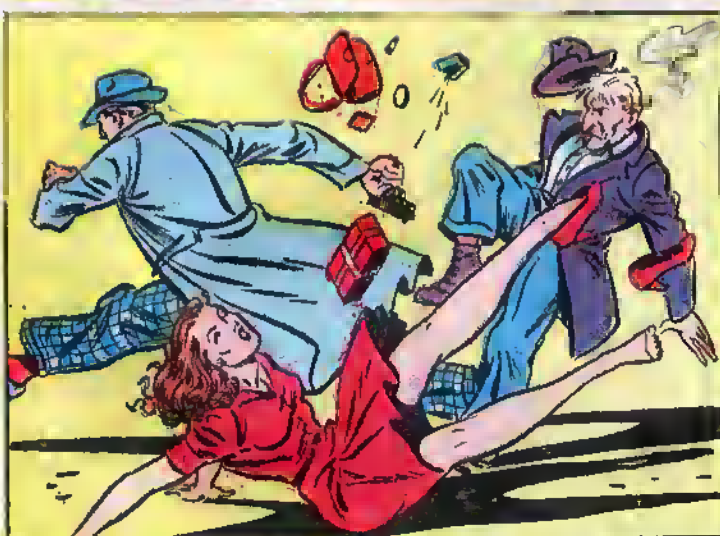


CRIME DOES NOT PAY

BY THIS TIME, WILLIAM ESPOSITO, CRAZED WITH FEAR, WAS SMASHING HIS WAY THROUGH THE STORE....



TRAPPED WITHIN THE COUNTERS BY THE POLICE, HE RAN AMUCK LIKE A CRAZED BEAST....



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



YOU AREN'T SO TOUGH WITHOUT YOUR GUN!!

STOOPING OVER THE DAZED GUN MAN, POLICE WERE AMAZED TO FIND TWO GUNS SECRETED ON HIS PERSON....



SCREAMING LIKE A LUNATIC, WILLIAM ESPOSITO WAS DRAGGED TOWARD THE ENTRANCE...

HE'S BATTY ALL RIGHT!!

OOH!! LET ME LOOSE!!



HALFWAY OUT, HE SUDDENLY CLUTCHED FOR A THIRD GUN IN HIS STOCKING, BUT THE POLICE WERE TOO QUICK FOR HIM.....



OH NO, YOU DON'T!!

OUTSIDE, A JEERING CROWD SENT THE MAD-DOG KILLERS TO THEIR JUST REWARD....



I'VE NEVER HEARD OF ANYTHING SO BRUTAL!!

WE OUGHTA STRING 'EM UP RIGHT HERE!!



HA, HA! BLAST ALL COPS!!



BUT AUTHORITIES WERE NOT TO BE TRICKED... THURSDAY, MARCH 12, THE ESPOSITO BROTHERS WERE WHEELED TO THEIR JUST REWARD... TOO LATE THEY REALIZED THE VALUE OF LIFE... LIFE THEY SNUFFED OUT SO RECKLESSLY.....



THEY, AS DO ALL SUCH LIVES, ENDED IN THE GRIM FINALITY OF THE ELECTRIC CHAIR...

Next MONTH AND EVERY MONTH CRIME COMICS WILL GIVE YOU THE real truth BEHIND THE UNSUNG POLICE HEROES OF OUR DAY

the SAGA HARPSHEAD ROAD



MANY YEARS AGO, THERE ROAMED THE WESTERN BAD LANDS, A CLAN KNOWN AS THE HARPS. DRIFTING SLOVENLY THROUGH THE TOWNS AND VILLAGES, THEY LEFT A CRIMSON TRAIL OF MURDER AND THIEVERY BEHIND THEM... NO CRIME WAS TOO BRUTAL TO SATISFY THEIR FIENDISH LUST... THEY KILLED FOR THE LOVE OF IT AND WERE AS ELUSIVE TO CATCH AS THE WINDS THAT SWEEP THE PLAINS...

BIG HARP, THE LEADER, TREATED HIS FOLLOWING LIKE DOGS... HIS WORD WAS LAW AND NO MONKEY SHINES ALLOWED...

COME ON! GETCHA THINGS TOGETHER... WE'RE GOING ACROSS THE DESERT TO NEW TERRITORY!!

OH STOP YA YELLING! CANT YA SEE LITTLE BILL IS SICK!..

WAA!!

SHUT UP BRAT! STOP YA SQUAWKING OR I'LL BASH YOUR BRAINS OUT!!...

ALRIGHT YA RED EYED BAG OF TROUBLE, KEEP A CRYING!

BANG
BANG

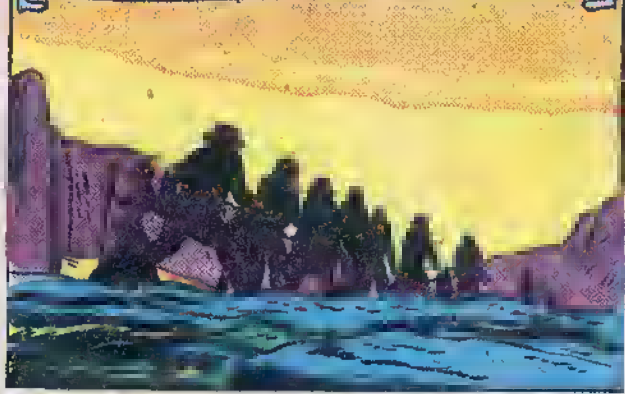
YA SHOULD'NT A DONE THAT BIG HARP. THE KID DIDNT MEAN NO HARM...

KEEP YA TEETH SHUT WOMAN, AND PACK THEM BAGS!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THE HARPS WOULD WANDER IN CRUDE STYLE UNTIL THEY FOUND TROUBLE OR TROUBLE FOUND THEM.....



HELLO STRANGER! ME AND MY FRIENDS AIN'T GOT NO PLACE TO PUT UP FOR THE NIGHT.... SUPPOSE WE COULD USE YOUR BACK SHEDS?

SURE THING! JUST GO RIGHT OUT AND MAKE YOURSELF AS LIVABLE AS POSSIBLE... AIN'T MUCH SHELTER BUT YORE WELCOME TO IT!



NIGHT TIME WAS WHEN THE HARPS FELT AT THEIR BEST FOR CRIME...

LISTEN BRAT! YOU GO SNEAKING IN THAT BACK DOOR AND SEE WHAT THE STRANGERS UP TO...

SURE THING, BIG HARP!



WHEEE! MONEY!!

ONE HUNDRED ONE, ONE HUNDRED TWO...

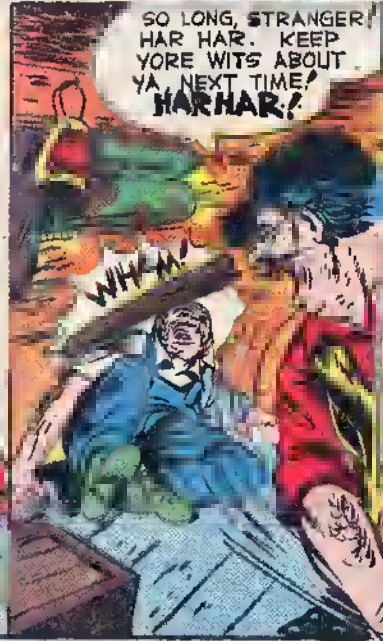


GRAB HOLD OF THAT GOLD AND BRING IT OUTSIDE, KIDS... AND DON'T POCKET NONE OF IT OR I'LL BREAK YORE BACKS...



WOW! MONEY, MONEY!

SO LONG, STRANGER! HAR HAR. KEEP YORE WITS ABOUT YA NEXT TIME! HARHAR!



PEACE OFFICERS ALWAYS ARRIVED ON THE SCENE TOO LATE...

THEY ALL JUMPED ME AT ONCE... FOUR HUNDRED DOLLARS THEY STOLE... MY WHOLE YEARS SAVINGS

DON'T WORRY, WE'LL CATCH UP WITH THEM AND RETURN YOUR MONEY.



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THE HARPS CONTINUED THEIR SAVAGE CRUSADE OF HORROR WEEK AFTER WEEK... MONTH AFTER MONTH... SOME OF THE GANG WERE SHOT BY PEACE OFFICERS BUT ALWAYS THE FORCEFUL LEADER, BIG HARP SLIPPED THROUGH THEIR FINGERS...



CHASING THE ECHOES OF HARPS FIENDISH LAUGHTER, AUTHORITIES FOLLOWED IN HIS MAD AND GORY FOOTSTEPS WITHOUT SUCCESS.

THE DEVIL HIMSELF SEEMED TO BE URGING THIS MONSTER OF THE PLAINS ON— HIS CRIMES BECAME MORE BRUTAL AND DARING WITH EACH—

AS THE DAY OF JUSTICE COMES TO ALL CRIMINALS, IT CAME TO BIG HARP... WHILE ON A PARTICULARLY VICIOUS CAMPAIGN OF MURDER, HE WAS SURPRISED BY ALERT OFFICERS...

IT'S BIG HARP! LET'S GET HIM SURE THIS TIME!



YA DIRTY CAYOTES FINALLY GOT ME BUT YA HAD A HARD CHASE... AND I CAN'T DIE BUT ONCE!

YOU BLUNT HEARTED SCOUNDREL! WE OUGHTTA CUT YOUR CARCASS TO RIBBONS.

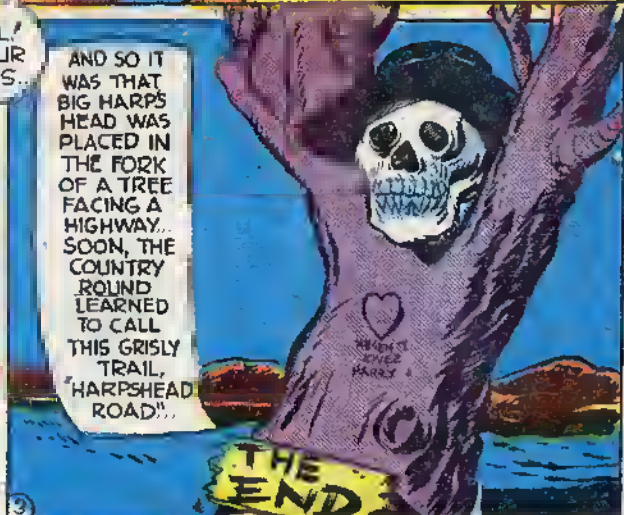


BIG HARP RODE FAST AND HARD BUT THE OFFICERS WERE NOT TO BE SLIPPED THIS FATAL DAY...

RIGHT BETWEEN THE SHOULDER BLADES! GOOD SHOOTING HANK!



AND SO IT WAS THAT BIG HARPS HEAD WAS PLACED IN THE FORK OF A TREE FACING A HIGHWAY... SOON, THE COUNTRY ROUND LEARNED TO CALL THIS GRISLY TRAIL, "HARPSHEAD ROAD".



THE END

By Montana

two-legged RATS

OF ALL THE ROGUES THAT HAVE WALKED THE FACE OF THIS EARTH, NONE HAD A BLACKER, UGLIER SOUL THAN JON OVERS

OVERS WAS A RETIRED FERRYMAN IN THE TOWN OF UTRECHT, HOLLAND, WHERE HE WAS AVOIDED BY EVERY RESPECTABLE CITIZEN AND EVEN THOSE WHO WERE NOT RESPECTABLE!! HIS CRUELTY TO ANIMALS AND CHILDREN WAS SURPASSED ONLY BY HIS MEANNESS TO HIS SERVANTS

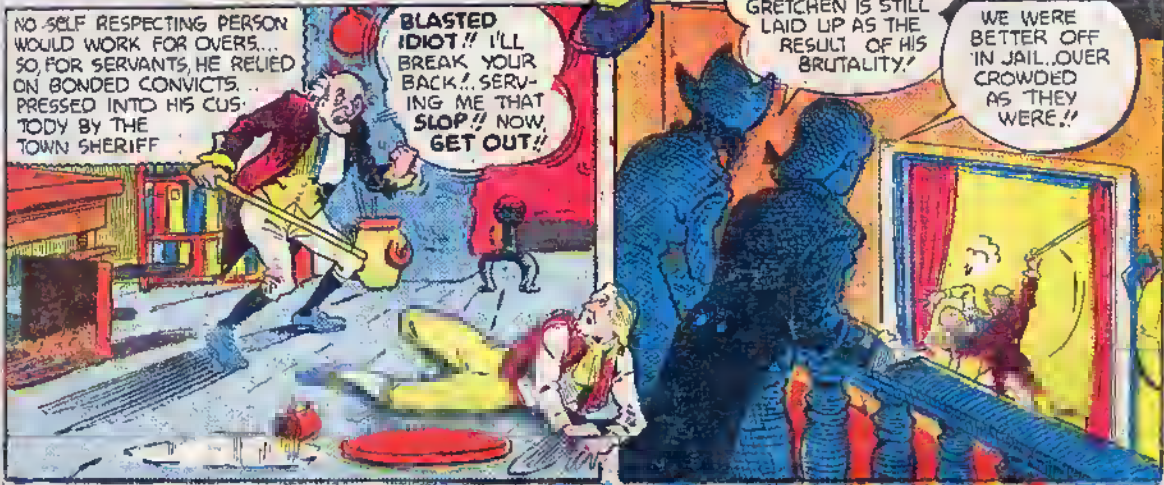


NO SELF RESPECTING PERSON WOULD WORK FOR OVERS... SO, FOR SERVANTS, HE RELIED ON BONDED CONVICTS... PRESSED INTO HIS CUSTODY BY THE TOWN SHERIFF

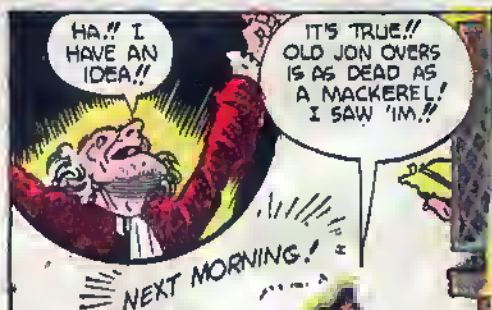
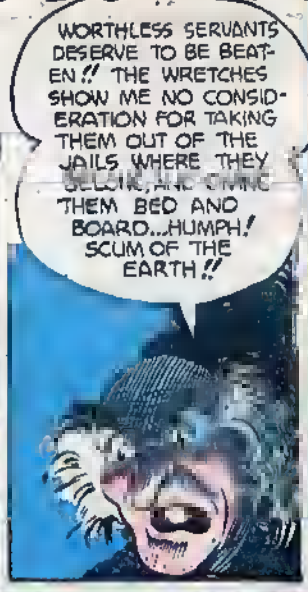
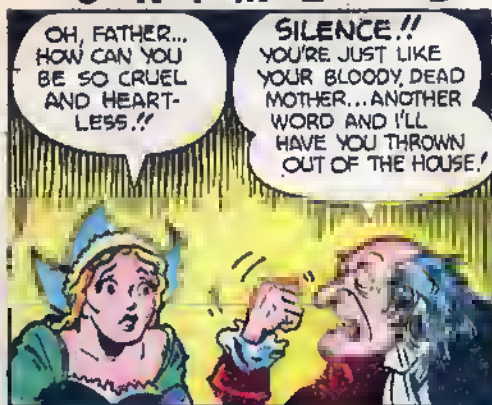
BLASTED IDIOT!! I'LL BREAK YOUR BACK!! SERVING ME THAT SLOP!! NOW, GET OUT!!

OH THE BEAST!! HE'S BEATING PETER AND POOR GRETCHEN IS STILL LAID UP AS THE RESULT OF HIS BRUTALITY.

WE WERE BETTER OFF IN JAIL, OVER CROWDED AS THEY WERE!!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

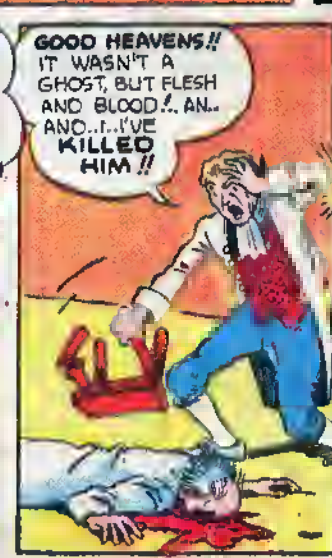
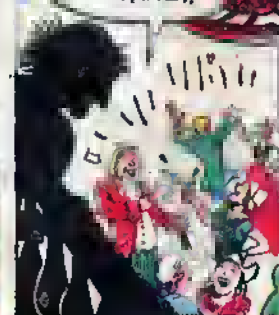


...AND SURE ENOUGH IN A GLOOMY ROOM LAID OUT ON A COLD SLAB WITH FOUR CANDLES SHINING IN THE DARKNESS, WAS OLD JON OVERS.



BUT AS SOON AS HE WAS SURE EVERYONE HAD SEEN HIM JON GOT UP...

HEAVENS!! THERE'S NOT ONE MOURNING FOR ME!! THEY'RE ALL CELEBRATING... CURSE THEM... CELEBRATING WITH MY WINE!!



THE MAD MUSICIAN

and his

TUNES OF DOOM



WHO WAS THE MAD FIEND THAT RIPPED A TUNE WHILE PRETTY GIRLS DIED?...NONE SAW HIM ENTER!...NONE SAW HIM LEAVE!...BUT DEATH STALKED THE CHAMBERS WHERE THE PHANTOM MUSICIAN PLAYED!!!



EEEEEEK!!

TO BEGIN A GRISLY STORY, LET US WATCH MRS. HARRIET STOWE AND HER DAUGHTER, MILDRED AS THEY STAND IN FRONT OF THEIR CHICAGO HOME....

WHY, FOR HEAVENS SAKE, THAT SOUNDS LIKE EDNER PLAYING, BUT...

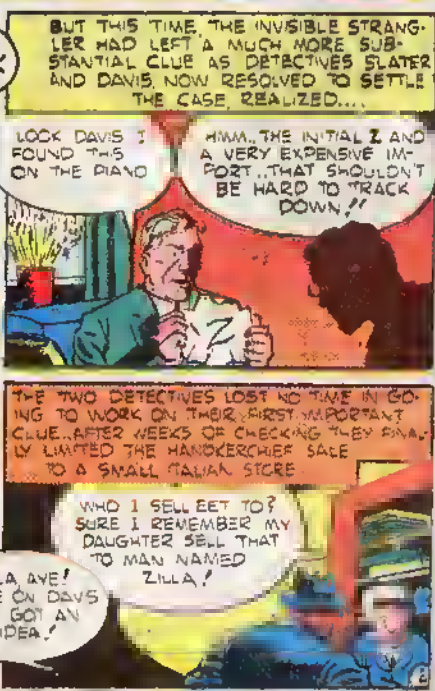
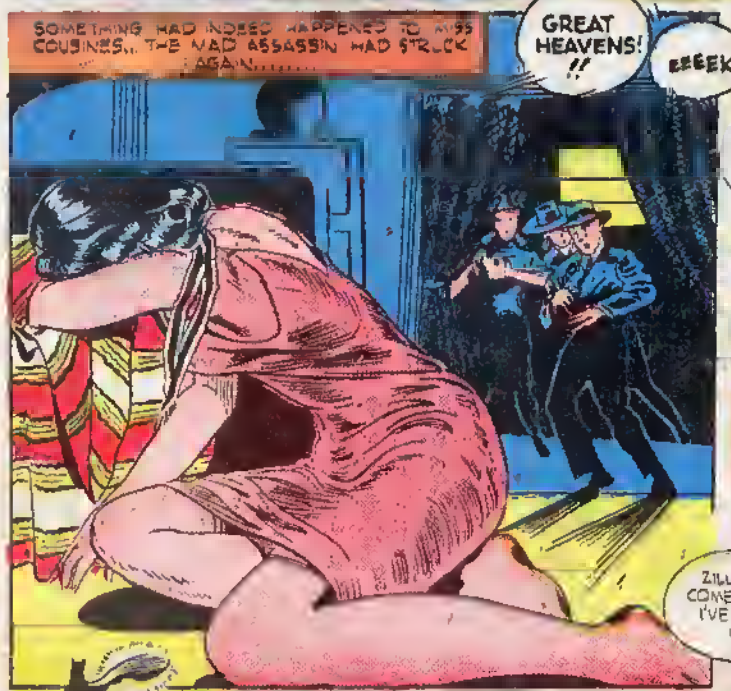
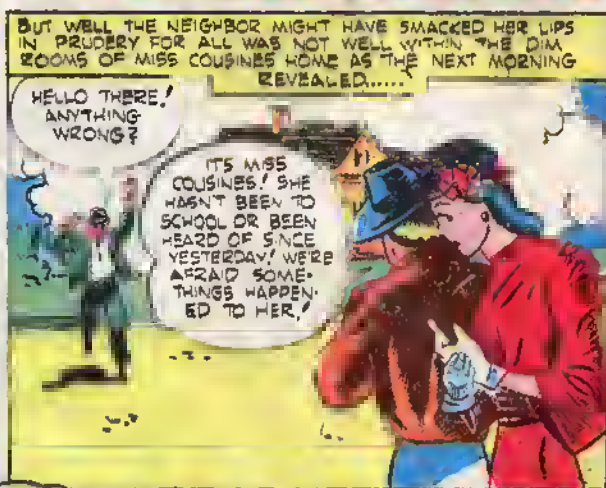
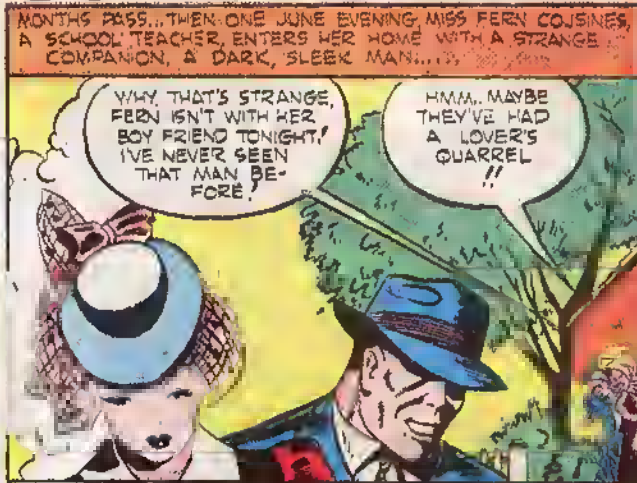
IT CAN'T BE THE DAY MY DAUGHTER PLAYS THAT WELL!

WHY SHE ISN'T HERE! EDNER! EDNER!

SISTER WE DIDN'T DREAM YOU COULD PLAY SO WELL, WHERE ARE YOU?



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

SOME HOURS LATER, THE DETECTIVES END UP AT THE MARCO DRUG STORE, THE PLACE THAT SOLD THE PENCIL WHICH NO ONE COULD SOLVE.....

LAST TIME WE WERE HERE YOU COULDN'T TELL US WHO YOU SOLD THAT PENCIL TO, COULD IT BY ANY CHANCE BE A MAN NAMED ZILLA?

OH, OF COURSE! HE'S THE ONE THAT BOUGHT IT... ALFRED ZILLA, THE PIANIST AT GRAND THEATRE!

FOR HOURS THE TWO CRIME HUNTERS WAITED AT THE GRAND THEATRE FOR ZILLA TO SHOW UP, BUT WITHOUT SUCCESS... SOMEHOW, SOMEWAY THE MYSTERIOUS MURDERER HAD LEARNED OF THEIR PRESENCE....

IT'S NO USE! SOMEONE'S TIPPED OUR MUSICAL ROMEO OFF!

QUIET

FOR MONTHS ALL CLUES VANISHED... THE KILLER APPARENTLY DISAPPEARED FROM THE FACE OF THE WORLD... THEN ONE DAY, A YOUNG FARMER IN LIMA, OHIO RECEIVED A CALLER...

HOW DO YOU DO SIR? I CAME TO ANSWER YOUR AD IN THE PAPER FOR A FARM HAND!

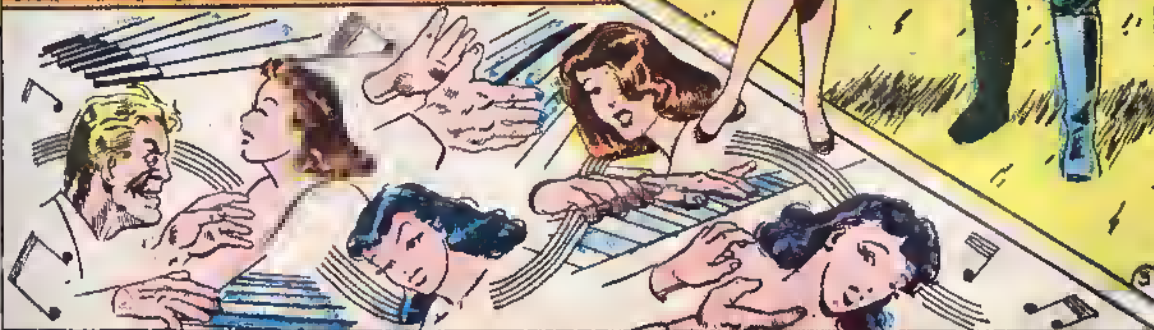
OH, YES, COME IN!

SEVERAL WEEKS PASSED AND THIS NEW YOUNG FARMHAND SEEMED TO BE JUST THE MAN FARMER YOUNGBLOOD WANTED... A HARD WORKER WITH NO OTHER INTERESTS EXCEPT....

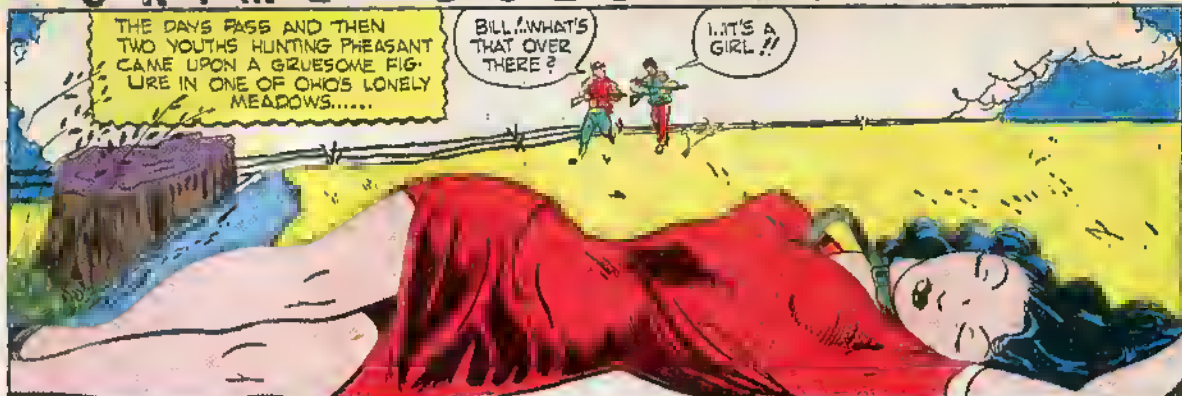
I NEVER DREAMED FARM LIFE COULD BE SO EXCITING TO ME! IT MUST BE THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER THAT INTRIGUES ME SO!

OH, YOU'RE JUST TEASING ME!

AS TIME PASSED, THE FERVOUR OF THE DEATH BARON MOUNTED... HIS SENSES BECAME MORE INFLAMED EACH DAY AS HIS HANDS DANCED OVER THE KEYBOARD FOR THE INNOCENT FARM GIRL....



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



THE DAYS PASS AND THEN TWO YOUTHS HUNTING PHEASANT CAME UPON A GRUESOME FIGURE IN ONE OF OHIO'S LONELY MEADOWS.....

BILL: WHAT'S THAT OVER THERE?

I: IT'S A GIRL!!

QUICKLY, THE NEWS SPREAD THROUGHOUT THE STATE...A WIDESPREAD SEARCH COVERED EVERY KNOWN HIDEOUT....

FOR WEEKS NOTHING HAPPENED...THEN AN UNDERGROUND STOOL PIGEON PHONED DETECTIVE SLATER ONE DAY...

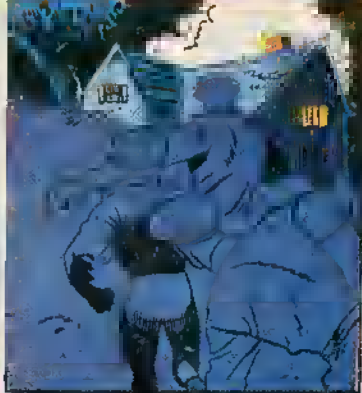
THE TWO DETECTIVES LOST NO TIME FOLLOWING THEIR FIRST GOOD TIP.....

ON THE EAST SIDE OF TOWN THE POLICE SWOOPED DOWN UPON AN OLD RUN DOWN BOARDING HOUSE.....

CALLING CARS 21 AND 26...BE ON LOOKOUT FOR MAN NAMED ZILLA...HEIGHT 5FEET 11...DARK...AND...

BOYS, A GUY NAMED ZILLA IS STAYING AT TWENTY TWO OAK STREET IN A BOARDING HOUSE, LOOKS LIKE THE MAN...

IT'S ABOUT TIME WE CAUGHT UP WITH THAT BUTCHER! BETTER BRING SOME COPS WITH US...JUST IN CASE!!

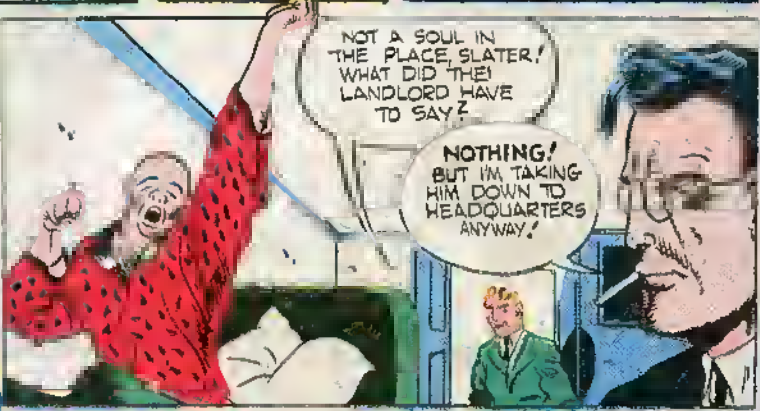


THE LANDLORD CLAIMED NO KNOWLEDGE OF SUCH A MAN, BUT SLATER WAS FIRM...EVEN THIS MAN MIGHT BE TIED UP WITH ZILLA.....

COME ON! DON'T GIVE ME THAT! WE KNOW HE'S HERE! WHERE'S HE HIDING?

NOT A SOUL IN THE PLACE, SLATER! WHAT DID THE LANDLORD HAVE TO SAY?

NOTHING! BUT I'M TAKING HIM DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS ANYWAY!



B. BUT THERE'S NOBODY HERE! OUR LAST BOARDER MOVED OUT YESTERDAY!!

MAYBE YOU FOLKS ARE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE AT TWENTY TWO OAK STREET ON THE WEST SIDE OF TOWN! THERE'S A BOARDING HOUSE THERE TOO!

GREAT GUNS!! WE DIDN'T ASK THE STOOLIE WHICH IT WAS!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

NEEDLESS TO SAY, THE KILLER HAD DUCKED BY THE TIME DETECTIVES REACHED THE WEST SIDE BOARDING HOUSE. KNOWING ZILLA'S WEAKNESS FOR MUSIC, SLATER OPENED AN ORCHESTRA AGENTS OFFICE...

THE WEEKS PASSED... FINALLY IN DESPERATION SLATER INSERTED AN AD IN THE PAPER SAYING HE WANTED A CLASSICAL PIANIST.... THE NEXT DAY, A GIRL CALLED AT HIS OFFICE....



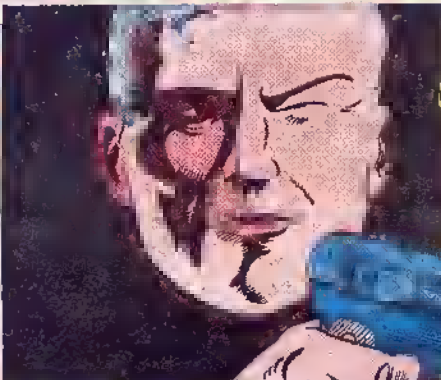
AFTER MUCH DIFFICULTY SLATER MANAGED TO MEET THE MUSICIAN... THE MOMENT THEY MET SLATER KNEW HE HAD THE RIGHT MAN...



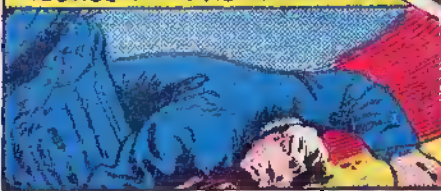
SWIFTLY THE KILLER AROSE AND SPURTED TOWARD THE REAR OF THE CAFE AS SLATER JUMPED UP, AND.....



OUTSIDE ON GUARD DETECTIVE DAVIS SAW ZILLA RUSH FROM THE REAR AND...



THREE TIMES THE DETECTIVE SUMMONED ZILLA TO HALT... THEN SLOWLY, CAREFULLY HE SIGHTED HIS REVOLVER..... JUSTICE TOOK ITS TOLL...



AS ZILLA WAS SHOT DEAD THE INSIDE MYSTERIES OF HIS MANY MURDERS WERE NEVER KNOWN... SOME SAY HE WAS JUST ANOTHER INSANE KILLER... BUT OTHERS CLAIM HIS FANATIC FEELING FOR MUSIC RAISED AN EMOTION SO STRONG, SO BEAUTIFUL AND UGLY AT THE SAME TIME, THAT IT DROVE HIM TO KILL!!! WHATEVER THE REASON ZILLA WILL KILL NO MORE!!

the crime corner presents...

HOLLYWOOD'S PANTHER MAN

THE JERSEY DEVIL

by Woody Hamilton

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN paused in the rear of her home and listened. Was it her imagination, or was someone fumbling with the latch on the kitchen door? Peering from a side window, she saw something that made an electric spark jump through her body and sent her scurrying to the telephone. House-breakers were not an uncommon difficulty in Hollywood, but at this particular time the movie people were being consistently looted by a thief of such skill and daring that nothing seemed to stop his wild progress. The "Bel-Air bandit" seemed more of a phantom than a human being. Only the most wealthy celebrities were favored by a visit from this *Panther Man* and, with rare exceptions, these visits meant the loss of thousands of dollars in jewels to the stars.

Minutes later, while the police talked with Miss O'Sullivan, a lone figure was slinking through the underbrush toward an abandoned house several blocks away. He was not tall of stature, but was built like an athlete, which made the hurdling of hedges almost an effortless feat. As he slipped into his chosen hide-out, police were searching the canyon adjoining Miss O'Sullivan's home. An hour passed before the officers decided the would-be thief had escaped. In the meantime, two private patrolmen discovered a Model A Ford coupe parked outside of Miss Sonja Henie's residence, a short distance down the canyon. Suspicious of this, they decided to await the owner. About one thirty A.M., a man slipped thru the shadows and made his way toward the car. Instantly the patrolmen snapped on

their flashlights and ordered the stranger to throw up his hands. As one of the officers searched his clothing and took away his automatic, the man frowned.

"Take it easy, buddy," he said. "I'm a studio guard hired to protect Sonja Henie! Give me back my gun, will you? This is no way to treat a man!"

For a moment the officers were suspicious, but as this man in the night continued to talk, his story seemed to ring true. As they listened, undecided, the fake special detective suddenly lowered his voice.

"Douse that flashlight! Didn't you hear something?"

The officers hadn't heard anything, but led by the stranger's ardent acting, they climbed a ledge bordering the Henie home and gazed owl-like into the darkness, looking for some phantom figure that the "detective" insisted was attempting to break in. They didn't have long to search, for at this moment their helpful playmate sprang from the ledge and disappeared into the black depths. *Hollywood's Panther Man* had pulled another surprise from his bag of tricks.

When Willard Borton, alias *The Panther Man*, first started out in life, he had firmly made up his mind to get everything he wanted out of it. In New Jersey, his former home, he managed to live up to his ideals and get his name mysteriously muddled up with various crimes. For this he was dubbed *The Jersey Devil*. But upon reaching Hollywood, he became an entirely different man. With a respectable-looking wife and stepson, he rented a bungalow in the heart of the movie capital,

changed his name to Ralph Graham, and became a pleasant and friendly neighbor to all. The police thought the *New Jersey Devil* no longer existed, but in his place was born *Hollywood's Panther Man*.

In the following months, Graham succeeded in stealing more than \$100,000 from such screen stars as Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck, Miriam Hopkins, Fannie Brice and many others. While prowling about the home of Frank Capra, motion picture director, Graham entered a second-story window to find himself in the nursery where a baby was asleep in its crib. Before he had time to search for any jewels, Mrs. Capra came up the stairs on an hourly investigation of her child's quarters. Graham met her in the hallway with drawn gun, and threatened to shoot her if she screamed. "I was going to rob the house but I saw that baby," he said, "so now I'm on my way out!" Grinning widely at the terrified woman he rushed down the stairs and vanished into the night.

Another time Graham entered a woman's bedroom to find the lady of the house in bed reading. Quaking with fear, the woman stated she had no jewels other than one diamond ring which her husband had given her for a birthday present. As she started to remove the ring from her finger, Graham gazed at her in astonishment.

"Wait," he said. "Is that really the only ring you have?"

The woman nodded.

"Haven't you a safe in the house where you keep your valuables?"

"I have a vault for my furs," the woman told him.

Hollywood's number one thief helped his victim slip into a negligee and together they opened the vault. After a brief inspection, Graham turned away.

"There's nothing here I want," he said. Then he took a sparkling diamond ring from his pocket and handed it to her. "As long as you have only one ring," he said, "here's another. Take it with my compliments!"

By this time, she was so amazed that she invited the intruder to have a drink. After a

bottle of pop with her, Graham left. The woman made a promise not to mention the incident to the police, and it was only in a roundabout manner that they eventually learned of the attempted crime. The diamond ring that Graham had so graciously given away was found to have been stolen in a previous burglary two hours before.

But aside from his Robinhood tactics, the *Hollywood Panther Man* was a cold malicious business man when it came to the disposal of his stolen loot. In his dealings with "fence" Morris Wasserman, Graham had to be on his toes every minute to insure making any profit at all on his thefts. Wasserman, a cagey jeweler, would offer him about one-tenth of what the valuables were really worth. At one time Graham claimed the "fence" gave him only \$1,000 for \$50,000 worth of gems. Had the thief dared to take his trade elsewhere, he would have done so, but the danger involved was prohibitive . . .

Finally, as time went on, Graham became so thoroughly discontent with Wasserman that he decided to take a great risk. It was this gamble that tumbled the tricky thief from his throne and put him behind bars. While he was trying to dispose of \$30,000 worth of loot in San Francisco, authorities got wind of it through channels which cannot be divulged here. As he stepped from an establishment where he had hoped to cash in his jewels, two detectives were waiting. Whisked down to police station with the evidence on his person, there was nothing the *Panther Man* could do but confess. His confession explained the disappearance of a large fortune in jewels and included the names of Hollywood's most exclusive set. His one request was that his young wife and child be spared any hardships from his deeds. Graham claimed they both were entirely innocent of any crime. Realizing the strong case against him would mean many years in prison, this elusive thief had one last bit of pleasure. In his testimony, he implicated Morris Wasserman to such an extent that the "fence" was snared by police and will pay his penalty to the law. Ralph Graham, himself, was sentenced to life imprisonment. From now on the *Hollywood Panther Man* will have to limit his activities within the grim walls of Folsom Prison.

THE END

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

The **CASE** of the **TWISTED** **CIGARETTES**

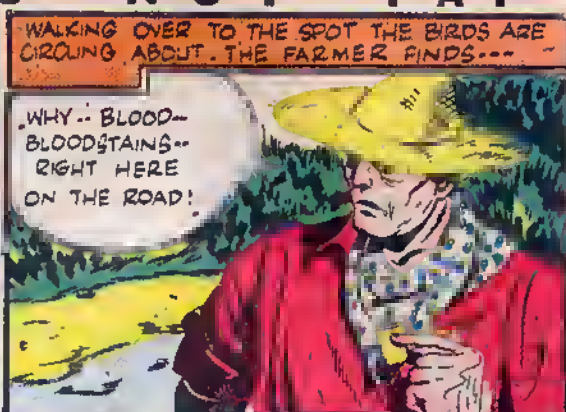


JUST A TWISTED CIGARETTE STUB... SMALL AND WORTHLESS YOU MIGHT THINK BUT TO ONE MAN IT SPEELED SUDDEN DOOM MORE SURELY THAN ANY FINGERPRINT ON THE BLOODSTAINED CORPSE THAT BAFFLED POLICE IN FLORIDA'S SWAMPLANDS...

VULTURES... CIRCLING LOW OVER A DESERTED FLORIDA FIELD... SHRIEKING THEIR MESSAGE OF DISCOVERED DEATH!

by RICHARD NORMAN

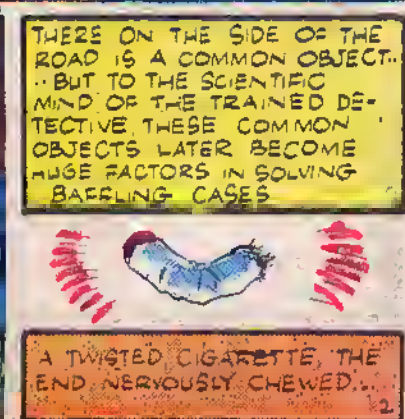
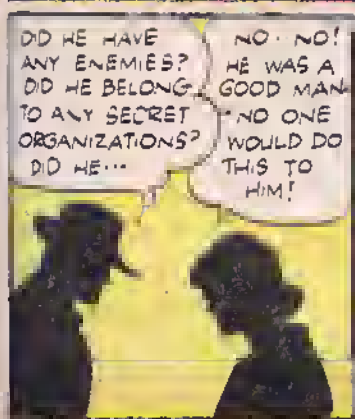
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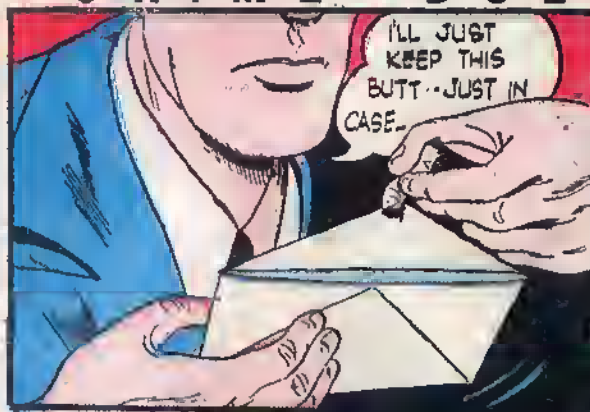
AND UPON
FOLLOWING
THE STAINS,
HE DISCOVERS
A SIGHT TOO
TERRIBLE TO
PORTRAY
HERE...
A STABBED,
MUTILATED
BODY...



IN A SHORT WHILE, THE AUTHORITIES ARRIVE AT
THE HORRIBLE SCENE. MRS. ARNOLD, THE
DEAD MAN'S WIFE, IS SENT FOR...



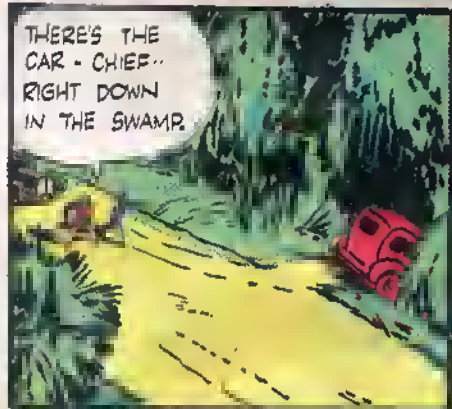
CRIME DOES NOT PAY



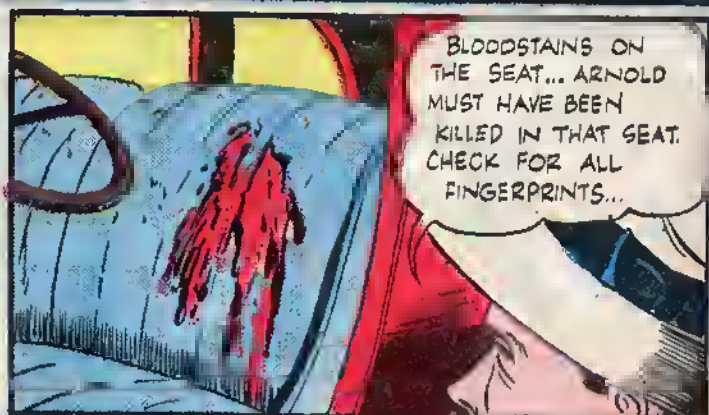
I'LL JUST KEEP THIS BUTT--JUST IN CASE..



NOW LET'S FOLLOW THIS TIRE TRACK AND SEE WHERE IT GOES.



THERE'S THE CAR - CHIEF.. RIGHT DOWN IN THE SWAMP.



BLOODSTAINS ON THE SEAT... ARNOLD MUST HAVE BEEN KILLED IN THAT SEAT. CHECK FOR ALL FINGERPRINTS...



ANOTHER TWISTED, CHEWED CIGARETTE! NOW DID ARNOLD OR HIS MURDERER HAVE THIS HABIT? I WONDER---??



LOOK WHAT WE FOUND HERE IN THE BUSHES, CHIEF!



A MAN'S SHIRT-- COVERED WITH BLOOD! MUST HAVE BEEN THE KILLER'S... HE TORE IT OFF IN A BIG HURRY!

THE DETECTIVE POKES AROUND THE SCENE--THEN HE COMES UP WITH POSITIVE, CONVICTING EVIDENCE!



ANOTHER BUTT!! THIS COULDN'T HAVE BEEN ARNOLD'S! FIND THE MAN WHO DOES THIS TO A CIGARETTE, AND WE HAVE OUR MURDERER!

A THIRD TWISTED CIGARETTE!!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THE SHIRT IS TAKEN TO ALL HOUSES IN THE VICINITY. NO ONE CAN IDENTIFY IT. THEN, AT THE WILLIAMS HOME--

HOW DO WE'RE FROM POLICE HEADQUARTERS. DO YOU RECALL EVER SEEING THIS SHIRT?

NOPE.

YOU HAVE TWO SONS WHERE IS THE OTHER ONE?

YMEAN JACK? HE WENT NORTH TO LOOK FOR A BETTER JOB. BERRY PICKIN' DIDN'T BRING IN MUCH MONEY. HE WENT WITH HIS WIFE.

YOU SAY HE WAS A BERRY PICKER. IS THAT HIS PICTURE THERE--AND HIS WIFE?

YEP.

WELL, THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION. I'LL JUST BORROW THIS PHOTO FOR AWHILE AND SEND IT BACK TO YOU.

AT HEADQUARTERS--

ENLARGE THIS PICTURE OF WILLIAMS AND SEND OUT A 'MAN WANTED' CIRCULAR. GET BUSY ANALYZING THE STAINS ON THIS SHIRT.

UNDER THE MICROSCOPE, AND WITH THE AID OF CHEMICALS, THE STAINS ARE ANALYZED.

HM-- BESIDE BLOODSTAINS, THESE OTHER RED SPOTS PROVE TO BE-- HM..

A DELAY OF A COUPLE OF MONTHS. THEN, IN ANOTHER CITY--

LOOK AT THAT CRAZY DRIVER!

ALL RIGHT, BOY-- PULL UP!

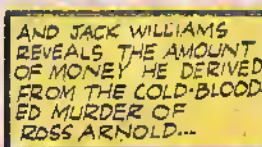
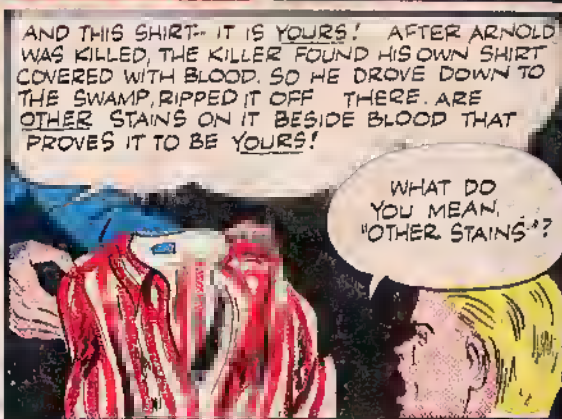
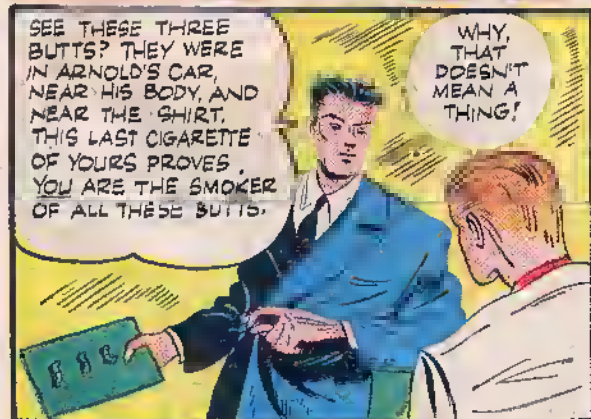
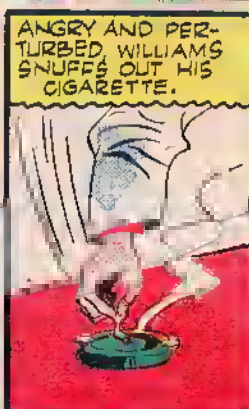
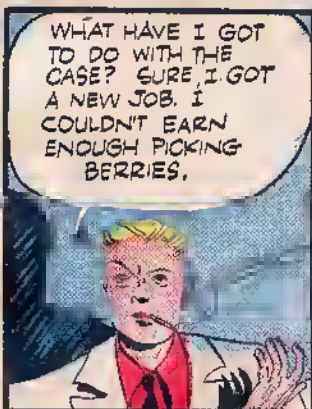
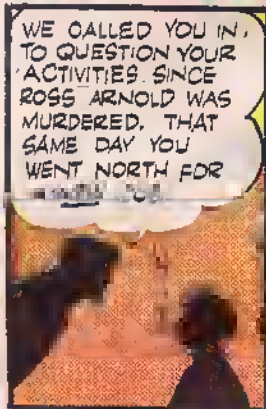
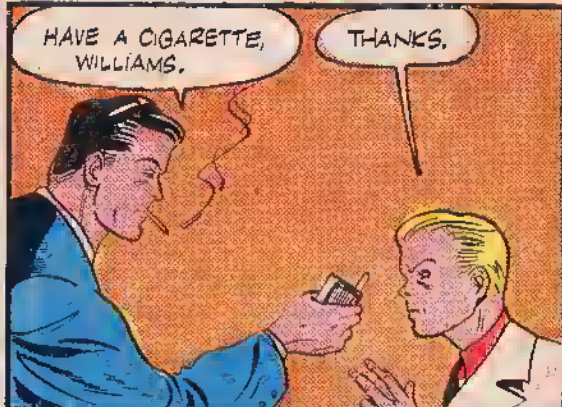
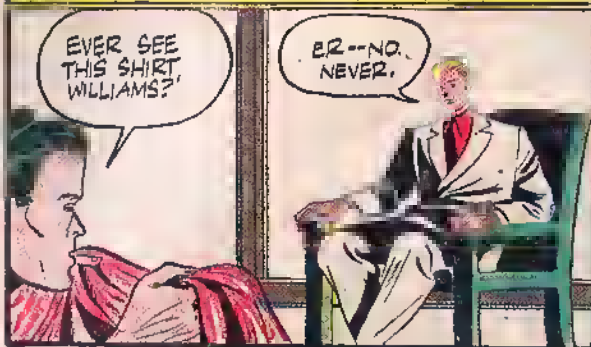
XX!?!XX!?!X

DRUNK AS A BAT! LET'S SEE YOUR LICENSE.

HEY, PAT-- THAT'S THE WILLIAMS GUY THAT'S WANTED IN TAMPA!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THEY FOUND JACK WILLIAMS, BUT IS HE THE GUILTY MAN? HE IS WHISKED BACK TO TAMPA...



SO, IN THE END, CRIME DOESN'T PAY. WILLIAMS IS IMPRISONED FOR A LIFE SENTENCE. HIS WIFE AND FAMILY COMPLETELY ABSOLVED.

THIS CASE WAS SOLVED BY GREAT CARE AND PATIENCE, BASED ON THE CLUES PICTURED HERE. NEXT ISSUE YOU WILL SEE A SLAM-BANG, ACTION-PACKED, TRUE CRIME STORY, THAT, AS ALWAYS, CONCLUDES IN THE VICTORY OF JUSTICE!

**BE A
DETECTIVE!
CAN YOU UNRAVEL
THIS RIDDLE?**

the BLACKOUT

**MURDER
MYSTERY**

HIGH UP ALONG THE HUDSON RIVER BANK, THERE DWELLS A LONESOME CRIPPLED OLD LADY... FEW MONTHS ARE HERS TO LIVE AND HER KIND HEART HOLDS NO HATE FOR EVEN HER BITTEREST ENEMIES....

WAR! WAR!...TO THINK I'D LIVE TO SEE ANOTHER... TOMORROW NIGHT THE CITY WILL HAVE A BLACKOUT... MEN HIDING FROM EACH OTHER LIKE ANIMALS...IF ONLY I COULD BRING HAPPINESS TO THE WORLD BEFORE I PASS ON!!

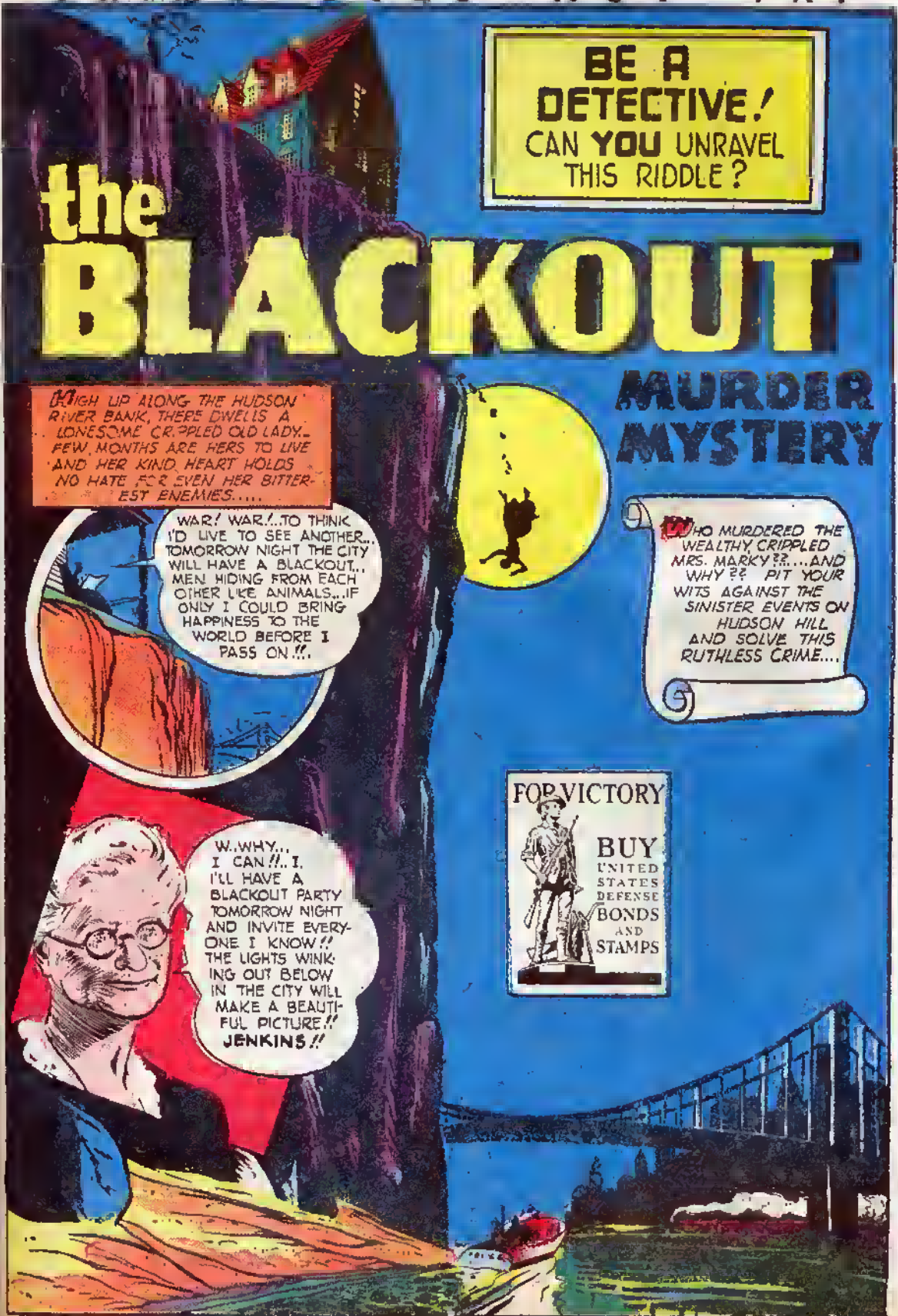
W.WHY... I CAN!!! I. I'LL HAVE A BLACKOUT PARTY TOMORROW NIGHT AND INVITE EVERYONE I KNOW!! THE LIGHTS WINKING OUT BELOW IN THE CITY WILL MAKE A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE!! JENKINS!!

WHO MURDERED THE WEALTHY CRIPPLED MRS. MARKY??...AND WHY?? PIT YOUR WITS AGAINST THE SINISTER EVENTS ON HUDSON HILL AND SOLVE THIS RUTHLESS CRIME....

FOR VICTORY



**BUY
UNITED
STATES
DEFENSE
BONDS
AND
STAMPS**



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

SEVERAL HOURS LATER WIRED INVITATIONS SEEP THROUGH THE CITY...REACHING THE HANDS OF GOOD AND BAD ALIKE....

WHY, THE SWEET SOUL... AT HER AGE HAVING A BLACKOUT PARTY!! MAYBE SHE'LL DONATE SOMETHING TO THE CHURCH!!

HEY, GUYS, HA, HA!! THIS IS HOT...I GOT A PARTY INVITATION FROM THAT SCREWBALL MONEY BAGS WE ROBBED LAST YEAR!!.. HA, HA!

HM... SOMEDAY MRS. MARKY WILL LISTEN TO ME AND STOP TAKING CHANCES...A BLACKOUT PARTY... WELL, SOMEONE WILL HAVE TO SEE THAT SHE ISN'T ROB-BED AGAIN!!!

SHE COULDN'T BE SUSPICIOUS OF ME...I'VE BEEN TOO CLEVER IN MISAPPROPRIATING HER FUNDS!!!

REVEREND HATFIELD

DUTCH BRADY

CHIEF COLLINS

BANKER BREWSTER

ATTORNEY ESTERBROOK

UNION TELEGRAPH

WESTERN UNION

DEAR MR. ESTERBROOK:
YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED
TO A BLACKOUT PARTY AT MY
HUDSON RIVER HOME TOMORROW
EVENING.
MRS. M. MARKY

HOY...THE OLD LADY'S GETTING SOCIABLE THESE DAYS...HOPE SHE DOESN'T WITHDRAW HER MONEY!!

THE NEXT EVENING...

HI, AUNTIE!! SURPRISED?

RONALD, MY BOY!! YOU CAME!!

SWEETHEART, I WOULDN'T MISS A PARTY OF YOURS FOR ANYTHING... I EVEN BROUGHT MY BEST GIRL ALONG!!

ROY, I SENT YOU AN INVITATION, BUT DIDN'T EXPECT YOU COULD GET AWAY FROM SCHOOL!!

THIS IS JUST LIKE OLD TIMES ROY, WHEN YOU USED TO CARRY ME OUTSIDE FOR MY BREATHING EXERCISES... LET'S GO IN NOW!!

AS YOU SAY, SWEETHEART!!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



JENKINS, WILL YOU PLEASE CALL EVERYONE TOGETHER??

WHAT'S UP, AUNT?

CERTAINLY, MADAM!!



BEFORE THE BLACKOUT STARTS, I WISH TO TELL ALL OF YOU SOMETHING VERY INTERESTING!!



SUDDENLY...

I DIDN'T DO NOTHING, I TELL YA!! LEMME GO!! LEMME GO!!

WHY YOU SNEAKING THIEVING RAT... YOU'RE CAUGHT HOT THIS TIME!!



THE CORNERED BRADY SUDDENLY MAKES A QUICK STAB FOR HIS GUN, BUT...

NO, YOU DON'T DUTCH! I'LL HANDLE ALL THE GUNS AROUND HERE!!



STOP IT!! RELEASE THAT MAN THIS VERY MOMENT, CHIEF COLLINS!!

MRS. MARKY, THIS THUG WAS TRYING TO LOOT ONE OF YOUR PAINTINGS... I FOLLOWED HIM AND CAUGHT HIM DEAD IN THE ACT!!



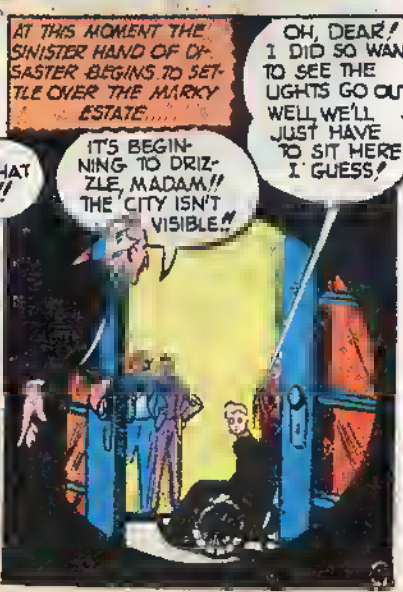
I DON'T CARE WHAT HE DID, THERE'LL BE NO VIOLENCE TO NIGHT!! YOU LET HIM GO OR I'LL TESTIFY I GAVE HIM THE PICTURE... EVERYTHING WILL BE STRAIGHTENED UP AFTERWARD... REMEMBER, I COULD SEND YOU

WANTED TO!!

BUT MRS. MARKY!!



MR. ESTERBROOK, YOU AND MR. BREWSTER HAVE HANDLED MY FINANCIAL MATTERS A LONG TIME. I WON'T LIVE MUCH LONGER, SO I'VE DECIDED AT LAST TO MAKE A WILL, HAVE ALL MY CASH CONVERTED INTO GOVERNMENT BONDS!! I'M GOING TO WILL THESE... TO THE NATION!



AT THIS MOMENT THE SINISTER HAND OF DISASTER BEGINS TO SETTLE OVER THE MARKY ESTATE...

OH, DEAR! I DID SO WANT TO SEE THE LIGHTS GO OUT! WELL, WE'LL JUST HAVE TO SIT HERE I GUESS!

IT'S BEGINNING TO DRIZZLE, MADAM!! THE CITY ISN'T VISIBLE!!

WHAT!!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

EIGHT O'CLOCK THE BLACKOUT BEGINS...

HA, HA!! THIS IS FUN...HOPE NO ONE'S AFRAID OF GHOSTS!!

ISN'T IT THRILLING DEAR??

THE MINUTES PASS..TWO OFFICERS ON A DEFENSE PATROL BOAT PASS BY....

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE..NEW YORK CITY DROUSING ITS LIGHTS FROM THE ENEMY!!

YEAH!! SAY...DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING?...LIKE A CAT CRYING?



IT'S MRS. MARKY, THE MILLION HEIRESS ON HUDSON HILL!! UGH...DO YOU SUPPOSE IT WAS SUICIDE OR...



I DON'T KNOW, BUT WE'RE GOING TO GET UP THERE QUICK...THE BLACKOUT SHOULD BE THROUGH BY THE TIME WE ARRIVE!!



HOLY CATS!! LOOK!!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

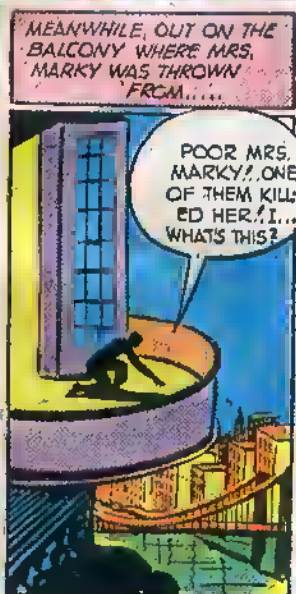
SEVERAL MINUTES LATER...

ALL RIGHT! COME ON, SNAP OUT OF IT HERE! THE BLACKOUTS OVER!

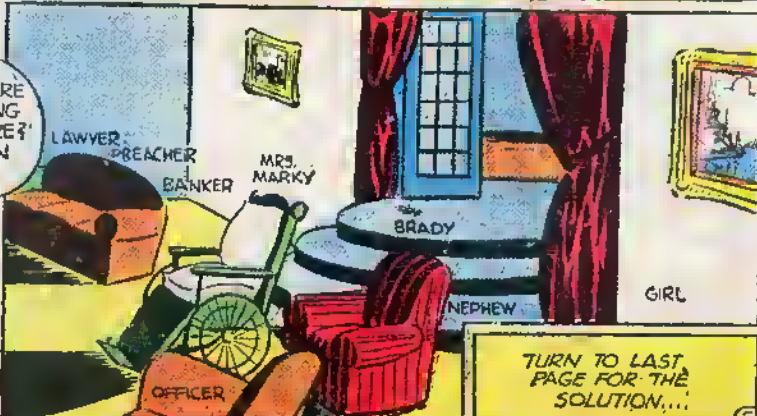
WHAT'S THAT? WHY, POLICE!

AUNTY!! SHE'S GONE!!

MRS. MARKY IS DEAD!! SHE FELL OR WAS PUSHED OVER THE CLIFF!! EVERYONE STAY IN THIS ROOM!!



WHO KILLED MRS. MARKY? WHAT DOES THE BUTLER KNOW?... THIS IS A DIAGRAM OF THE MURDER SCENE... CAN YOU FIND THE MURDERER?



TURN TO LAST PAGE FOR THE SOLUTION...

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



DICKIE DEAN

THE BOY INVENTOR

DAILY STAR
DICKIE DEAN
CAPTURES SABOTEUR

RECEIVES \$10,000
REWARD MONEY...
YOUTHFUL INVENTOR
FETTERED AT WHITE
HOUSE BY PRES-
IDENT FOR DARING
ACCOMPLISH-
MENT.



I'D LIKE
TO EXCHANGE
THIS REWARD MONEY
FOR GOVERNMENT
BONDS!

YOU MEAN
YOU'RE BUYING
ALL THOSE
BONDS?

FOR VICTORY

**BUY
UNITED
STATES
DEFENSE
BONDS
AND
STAMPS**

JUMPIN' CATS
WHAT A KID - HE
WINS TEN GRAND
AND GIVES IT TO
THE U.S.

If your best
friend was ill and
needed medicine -
would you spend your
last dollar for it? You
would! Well, Uncle Sam
isn't sick, but he sure
needs help. Give all you
can. Remember - a
bond today is a
bomb tomorrow!

Dickie Dean

TOO YOUNG TO JOIN THE ARMY,
DICKIE AND HIS SIDE-KICK, ZIP
TODD, PONDER FOR MORE AND
BETTER WAYS TO HELP UNCLE SAM.

GOSH! GEE
WILLIKERS, OICKIE!
I KINDA THOUGHT IT
ALL OVER... SURE IS
SWELL TO PULL
YOUR COUNTRY
OUT OF A
HOLE!

YES, BUT
EVERYBODY ELSE
HAS TO HELP, TOO!
IF ONLY... SAY-Y-Y.
COME ON, ZIP!

I'M GOING
TO TRY AND INVENT
A MACHINE THAT WILL
MAKE EVERYBODY
BUY DEFENSE BONDS
AND STAMPS, ZIP!

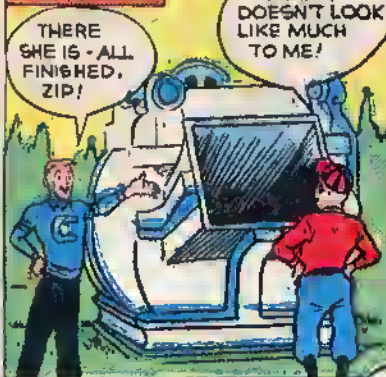
BUT
HOW-
DICKIE?

LATE THAT NIGHT
DICKIE DEAN'S LAB-
ORATORY HUMS
WITH ACTIVITY.....

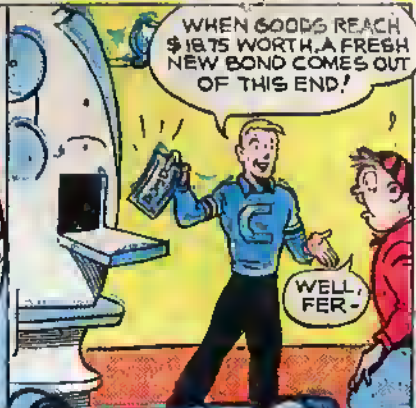
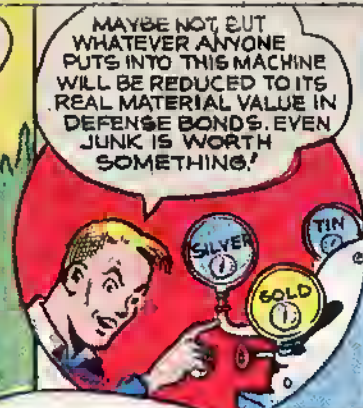
DICKIE DEAN
LABORATORY
NO SABOTEURS
ALLOWED

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

NEXT MORNING



HUMPH! DOESN'T LOOK LIKE MUCH TO ME!



WELL, FER-



Montana



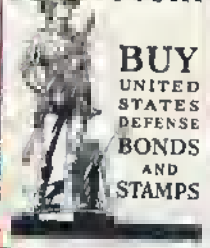
ASCENSION — FIJI — NIUE
 PAPUA MAIRE AFRICAN AIRMAIL. Hand
 gri stamps from ERITREA, PARANG, BELANG
 GOR, TANGANYIKA, MALIBILIS, NENYA
 VATICAN CITY, BOITH SEA ISLANDS, AI
 NICA, SO AMERICA and many more towns
 mainly BRITISH COLONIES IN BIG WORDS
 PACKET of all old stamps, only 3c to approve
 applicable
KENWOOD STAMP CO.
 131-131 Bedford St., Glendale, Calif.

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THE WAR EAGLE

STEEL GREY WINGS OVER AMERICA...
WINGS OF FURY AND COURAGE
THAT SWOOP THROUGH THE
DENS OF EVIL AND BEAT OUT
THE FLAMES OF CRIME WITHIN!
...WHERE DO THEY COME FROM?
WHAT DO THEY MEAN?... ONLY
WAR EAGLE KNOWS!!

FOR VICTORY



BUY
UNITED
STATES
DEFENSE
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

THIS IS A TALE OF SUFFERING... OF
A CHILD WHO CONTRACTED A
DREADED DISEASE AND WOULDN'T
GIVE UP... WITH THE HEART OF A
WARRIOR, YOUNG BILL REED BAT-
TLED HIS AFFLICTION AND
CHASED IT OUT OF HIS LIFE...
THEN THERE AROSE OVER THE
SKIES OF AMERICA, A WINGED
FIGURE OF COURAGE.

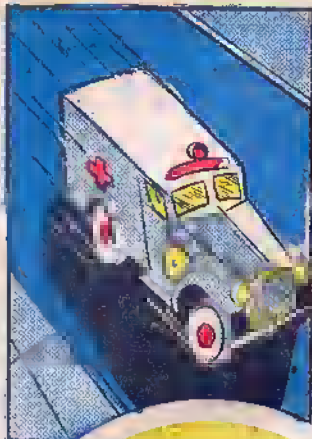
Alan Mandel ©

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THE YEAR 1921...AN AMBULANCE STREAKS THROUGH THE HEART OF NEW YORK CITY....

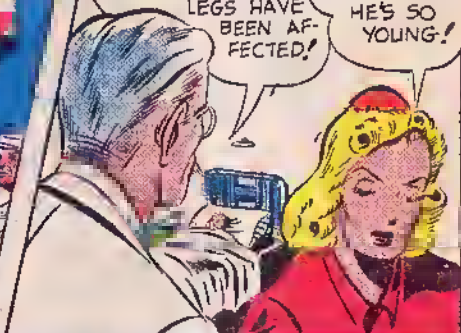
AT THE DOOR TO THE HOSPITAL TWO GRIM-FACED ATTENDANTS CARRY A YOUTH CAREFULLY INSIDE...HIS FACE FLUSHED WITH FEVER....

INSIDE, A DOCTOR'S EXAMINATION VERIFIES THE WORST FEARS...YOUNG BILL REED, HEIR TO HALF A MILLION DOLLARS IS A VICTIM OF THE DREADED INFANTILE PARALYSIS.



HOLD YOURSELF TOGETHER, MRS. REED...ONLY HIS LEGS HAVE BEEN AFFECTED!

THANK HEAVENS FOR THAT, B.BUT HE'S SO YOUNG!



WHEN CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNED, BILL FACED HIS CALAMITY WITH THE COURAGE OF A LION....

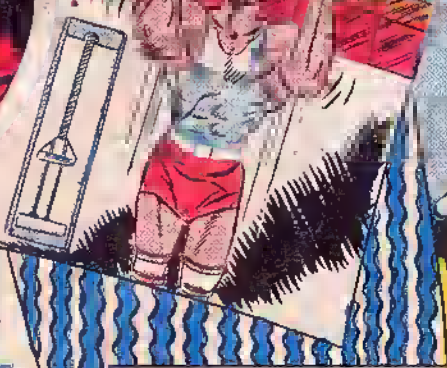
DON'T WORRY MUMSY! I'LL EXERCISE AND BE JUST AS GOOD AS NEW SOON!

YES, DARLING! I KNOW YOU WILL!



AS THE YEARS DRIFTED INTO EACH OTHER, BILL REED LIVED UP TO HIS VOW.

EVERY MINUTE OF HIS SPARE TIME WAS SPENT IN EXERCISE....



SLOWLY AND GRADUALLY, HIS BODY DEVELOPED....

FINALLY, AT MANHOOD BILL ENJOYED THE TORSO OF A STRONG MAN, BUT HIS LEGS WERE STILL WEAK...

OH, BILL, WE'RE ALL GOING FOR A RIDE! I'LL HELP YOU TO THE CAR!

NO, YOU GO ALONG BONNIE! I'M A BIT TIRED! I THINK I'LL TAKE A NAP!

HAVE A GOOD TIME AND DON'T PICK UP ANY SPEED TICKETS!

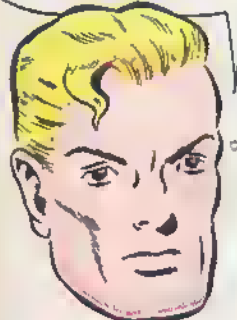
COME ON, BONNIE! THEY'RE WAITING!

I WISH YOU WERE COMING, BILL! BYE!!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THERE'S NO SENSE IN KIDDING MYSELF, I CAN'T ASK BONNIE TO MARRY ME THE WAY I AM...AND THEY SAY IT TAKES YEARS TO OVERCOME INFANTILE PARALYSIS, IF YOU'RE LUCKY!



AS EVENING FALLS ON THE REED ESTATE, A LONELY FIGURE WHEELS HIMSELF DOWN A DREARY PASTURE ROAD.....

I OWN ALL THIS LAND, BUT WHAT GOOD IS IT TO ME?



BLENDED IN THE SHADY VS, BILL GAZES INTO THE NIGHT WITH HEAVY HEART.... SUDDENLY, A CAR WHEELS CRAZILY DOWN THE ESTATE ROAD AND SHRIEKS TO A STOP.....

WHO COULD THAT BE??

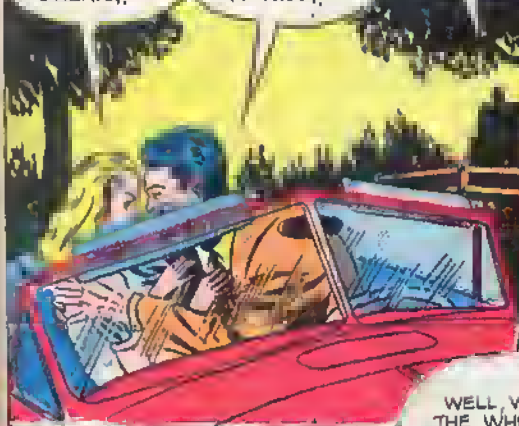
HA, HA! HERE WE ARE MONEY!



NO ROGER CURRIANS!! YOU LET ME GO THIS MINUTE!! Y..YOU'RE DRUNK!!

AW, WASSA MATTER, BABY? YA LIKE ME, DON'CHAZ? C'MON, GIMME A KISS!!

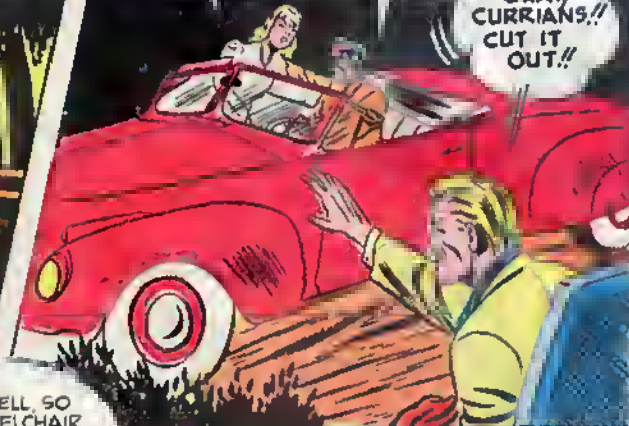
IT'S BONNIE... WITH THAT COLLEGE BUM!!



ALL RIGHT YOU STAY HERE AND GUSH!! I'M LEAVING!!

C'MERE!! YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE BEAUTIFUL!!

OKAY, CURRIANS!! CUT IT OUT!!



FOR PETE'S SAKE...BILL REED!!

THAT'S RIGHT, NOW WHY DON'T YOU GO HOME LIKE A GOOD BOY!!

WELL, WELL, SO THE WHEELCHAIR TOUGH GUY IS GETTING JEALOUS!!! LISTEN, SUCKER, BONNIE'S NO CRIPPLE'S MATE!! STICK AROUND AND WATCH ME, O YEAH, GIRL!!



DESPERATELY AND FIERCELY BILL REED CLUTCHES THE WHEEL CHAIR ARMS, AND SLOWLY HE ARISES....HIS FACE, A MASK OF FURY.....



HA, HA!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

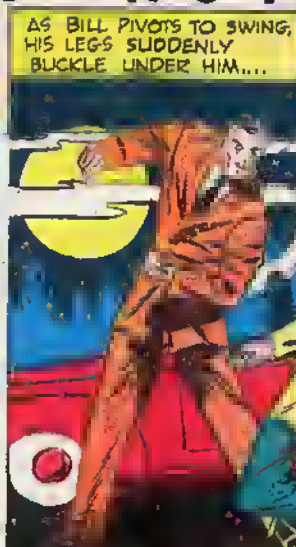


BILL! SIT DOWN!
Y. YOU CAN'T WALK..
YOU'LL HURT
YOURSELF!!

WHATCHA
TRYING TO
DO, BE A
HERO? GO
BACK TO
YOUR WHEEL
CHAIR, REED



WHY, YOU DRUNKEN SOT!
I'LL HAMMER SOME
MANNERS INTO YOUR
BRAIN!!



AS BILL PIVOTS TO SWING,
HIS LEGS SUDDENLY
BUCKLE UNDER HIM....

THIS IS NO MOVIE,
SUCKER!! YOU
AIN'T GOT WHAT
IT TAKES!!

OH..H!



B..BILL... DARLING!
YOU SHOULDN'T
HAVE DONE IT!!
A..ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT?

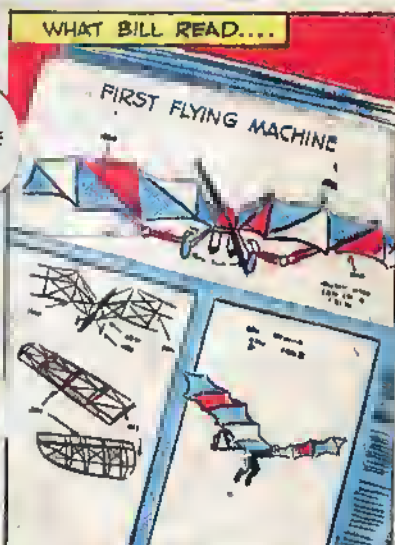
SURE, BONNIE.
HE'S RIGHT!!
I GUESS I
MADE A FOOL
OUT OF
MYSELF!!



THAT NIGHT, BILL REED PONDERES
OVER A BOOK HE PICKED
FROM HIS LIBRARY SHELF.....

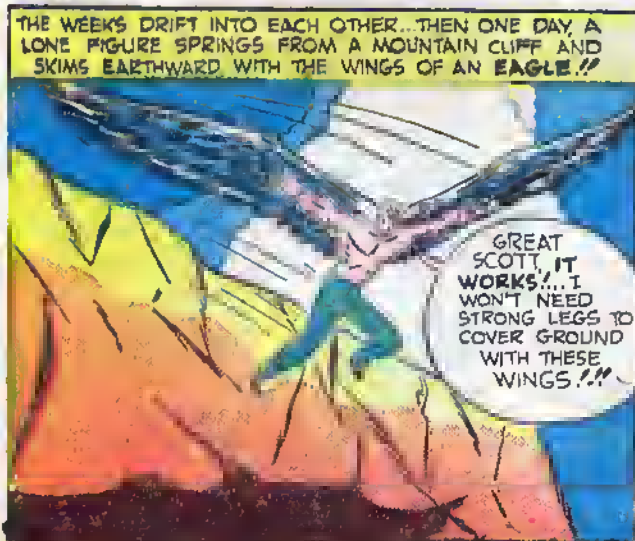
YEARS AGO, MAN
COULDN'T FLY, BUT
KEPT TRYING...

IF ONLY...I
COULD FIND
SOMETHING LIKE
THAT TO FILL
MY LIFE...



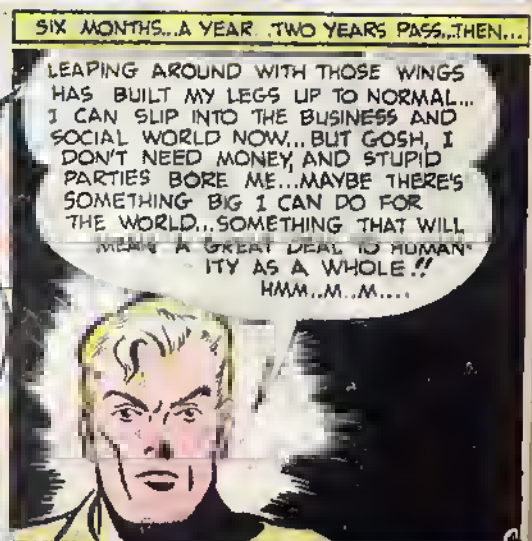
WHAT BILL READ....

FIRST FLYING MACHINE



THE WEEKS DRIFT INTO EACH OTHER.. THEN ONE DAY, A
LONE FIGURE SPRINGS FROM A MOUNTAIN CLIFF AND
SKIMS EARTHWARD WITH THE WINGS OF AN EAGLE!!

GREAT
SCOTT, IT
WORKS... I
WON'T NEED
STRONG LEGS TO
COVER GROUND
WITH THESE
WINGS!!



SIX MONTHS... A YEAR... TWO YEARS PASS... THEN...

LEAPING AROUND WITH THOSE WINGS
HAS BUILT MY LEGS UP TO NORMAL...
I CAN SLIP INTO THE BUSINESS AND
SOCIAL WORLD NOW... BUT GOSH, I
DON'T NEED MONEY AND STUPID
PARTIES BORE ME... MAYBE THERE'S
SOMETHING BIG I CAN DO FOR
THE WORLD... SOMETHING THAT WILL
MAKE A GREAT DEAL TO HUMAN-
ITY AS A WHOLE!!
HMM...M..M....



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THERE WAS INDEED SOMETHING BILL REED COULD DO FOR HUMANITY...IN THE EVENTFUL YEARS TO FOLLOW.....BRAZEN CRIMINALS FELT THE TOUCH OF FEAR AND TERROR...A STARTLED NATION SHOUTED QUESTIONS...WHO WAS THIS WINGED FIGURE OF DOOM THAT PURGED THE COUNTRY OF EVIL? HIS NAME OR BACKGROUND NONE KNEW, BUT EVEN THE LOWLIEST PAVEMENT VAGABOND SOON LEARNED TO CALL HIM, THE WAR EAGLE...

1929...THE ERA OF ILLEGAL ALCOHOL AND GANG WARS STARTS THE WAR EAGLE'S MOMENTOUS CAREER...



DAILY EXPRESS STRANGE FIGURE SWOOPS DOWN ON HI-JACKERS

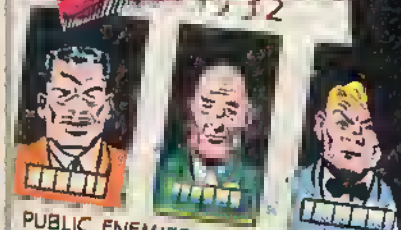
1939.

MAN FROM
SKIES APPEARS
AGAIN-FOILS
ROBBERY!



New York...
...possibly...
...American...
...which...
...points...
...may...
...as a...
...the...
...to be...
...day...
...the...
...vide...

1941 **WAR** EAGLE SEEN
AT LINER EXPLOSION SCENE...

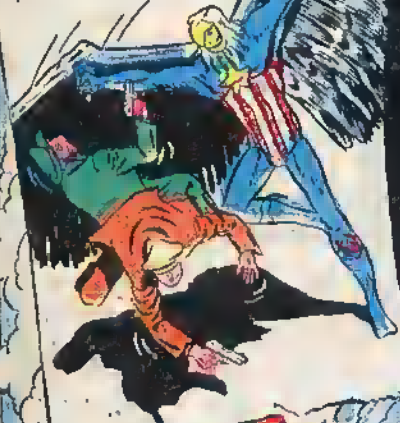


PUBLIC ENEMIES ROUNDED UP BY
WEIRD, WINGED CRIME FIGHTER...

SABOTAGE

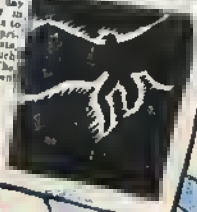


1936
BOND THIEVES LOSE
BATTLE WITH THE
WAR EAGLE.....



5c 1942 The Tabloid 5c
**DARING RESCUE
AT SEA BY WAR
EAGLE RESCUES SUR-
VIVORS OF TORPEDOED SHIP**

Motorists planning to see the...
...island can do so in a car...
...the morning. It may be possible to...
...the houses that cater to tourists...
...but it would be well to make...
...arrangements in advance of time. The...
...nightly in the island is a...
...[Price: 20c per page 2]



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

AS THE SECOND WORLD WAR REACHES A MAD TEMPO, ENEMY AGENTS PLAN AN ALL OUT CAMPAIGN OF TERRORISM IN THE BOSOM OF THE UNITED STATES...

HERE HE IS, WRENCH...A LITTLE NERVOUS BUT ALL IN ONE PIECE!!

W. WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME?

STOP SHAKING, KLEIN! YOU WON'T BE HARMED! NOW, TELL ME.. YOU'RE SYMPATHETIC WITH GERMAN AND WORKING ON THE S.S. ATLANTIC, ...RIGHT??

Y. YES BUT I DON'T WANT TO DO ANYTHING WRONG...I..I.. HAVE A WIFE AND THREE CHILDREN!!



YOU HAVE A WIFE AND CHILDREN AS LONG AS YOU WORK WITH US!! THIS IS WAR, KLEIN...NO MOLLYCODDLE CAN SIT ON THE FENCE...HERE IS WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO, OR ELSE!!

THAT EVENING....

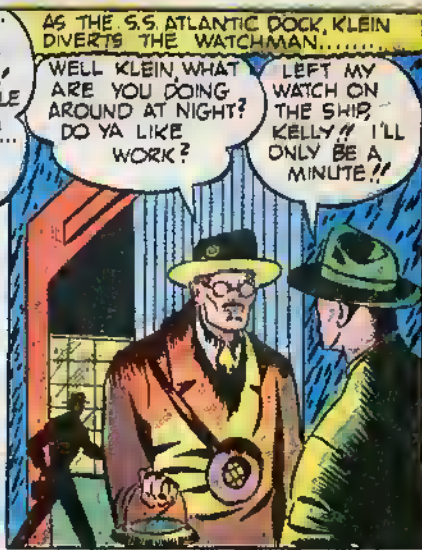
HE'S MAKING ME DO THIS BUT I DON'T LIKE IT... THOSE ARMS. WHY DOES HE WEAR NAILS ON THEM?

THE WRENCH HUGGED A BURNING INCENDIARY BOMB IN THE LAST WAR! ...SAVED THE WHOLE POWDER WORKS, BUT FORGET THAT... REMEMBER WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO!!

AS THE S.S. ATLANTIC DOCK, KLEIN DIVERTS THE WATCHMAN.....

WELL KLEIN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING AROUND AT NIGHT? DO YA LIKE WORK?

LEFT MY WATCH ON THE SHIP, KELLY!! I'LL ONLY BE A MINUTE!!



MEANWHILE....

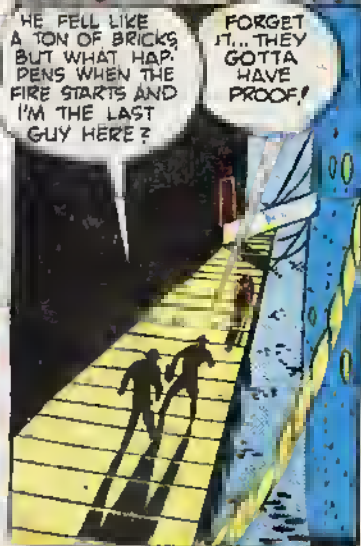
TOMORROW, THE S.S. ATLANTIC GOES TO THE SHIPYARD TO BE CONVERTED INTO AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER!! GUESS SHE CAN STAND A LITTLE WATCHING ON HER LAST NIGHT!

HE FELT LIKE A TON OF BRICKS BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE FIRE STARTS AND I'M THE LAST GUY HERE?

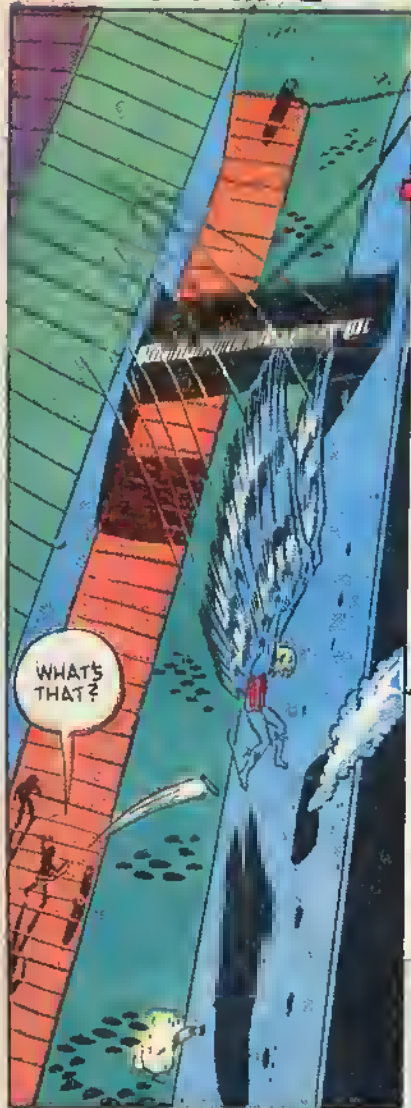
FORGET IT... THEY GOTTA HAVE PROOF!

A PERFECT SPOT... WE'LL SLAM THE INCENDIARY BOMBS THROUGH THAT HATCH.. READY?

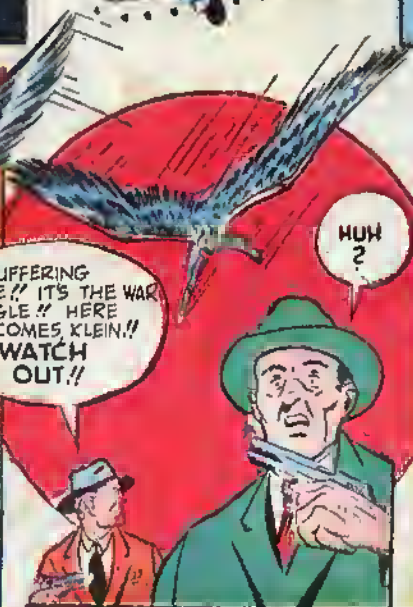
YEAH!!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



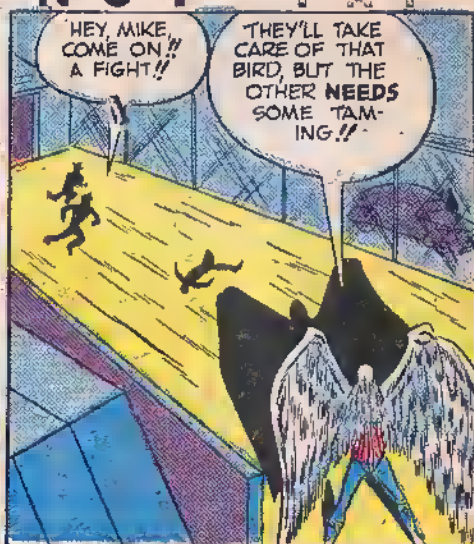
LIKE A WINGING ARROW, THE EAGLE STREAKS TO THE HATCH, KNOCKING ONE FIERY MISSILE ASIDE IN FLIGHT...



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



THAT'S
USING MY
HEAD I
GUESS!!



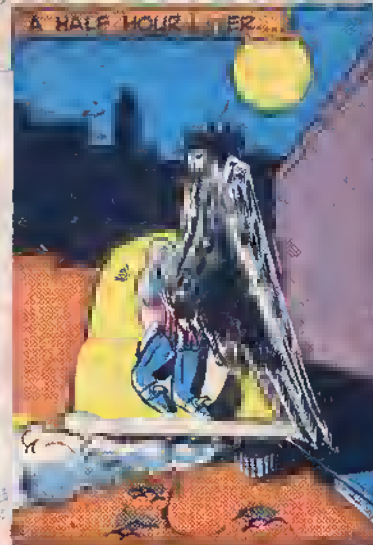
HEY, MIKE,
COME ON!!
A FIGHT!!

THEY'LL TAKE
CARE OF THAT
BIRD, BUT THE
OTHER NEEDS
SOME TAM-
ING!!

A SHORT SPRINT, A LEAP AND THE
EAGLE GLIDES SKYWARD.....



THE WRENCH WILL
GO NUTS WHEN HE
HEARS ABOUT THE
EAGLE, BUT I DID-
N'T WANTA DO IT..
I TOLD HIM/
SD!!

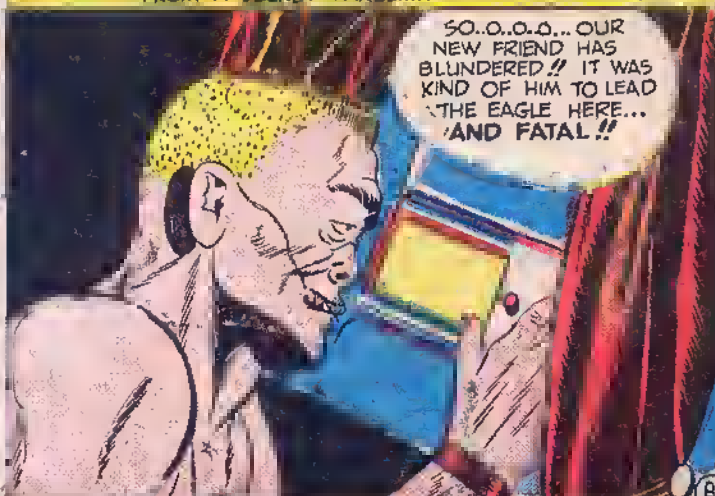


A HALF HOUR LATER...



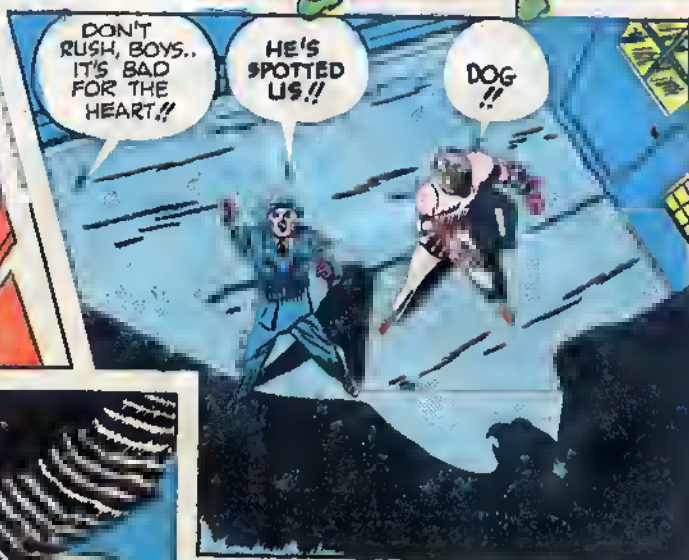
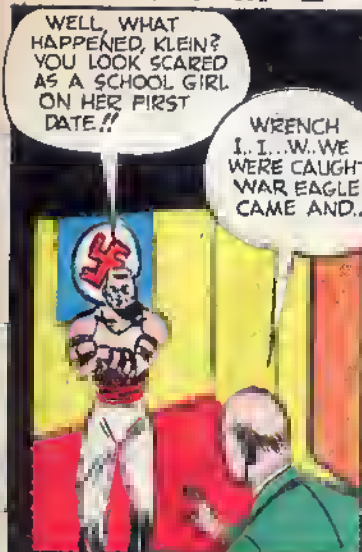
I..I KNEW
IT!! I'M A
JINX!! WHY
DID THEY HAVE
TO MAKE ME
DO IT!!
AND....

AS KLEIN HUSTLES UP THE WALK, THE WRENCH PEERS
FROM A SECRET PANEL.....

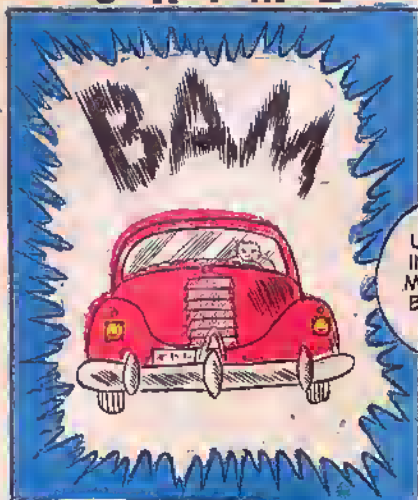


SO...O.O.O... OUR
NEW FRIEND HAS
BLUNDERED!! IT WAS
KIND OF HIM TO LEAD
THE EAGLE HERE...
'AND FATAL!!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



THAT UGLY LOOKING DEVIL MUST BE THE BIG CHEESE BEHIND THINGS!!



I CAN'T SIT ON HIS CAR ALL NIGHT! GOT TO MAKE HIM STOP IT!!

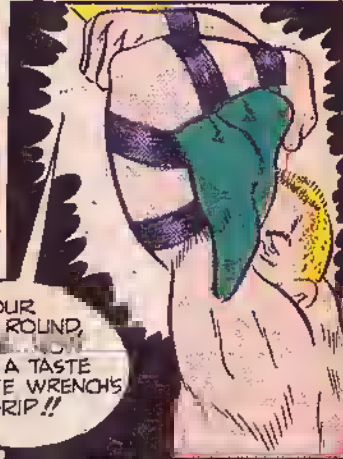


WINGS OVER THE WINDSHIELD!! THE EAGLE'S TRYING TO KILL ME!!



WOW!! HE JUST LEAPED OUT IN TIME!

AS THE EAGLE SWOOPS DOWN, STRONG NAIL-TIPPED ARMS CLAMP ON TO HIS LEGS....



YOUR FIRST ROUND, ENEMY NOW HAVE A TASTE OF THE WRENCH'S GRIP!!



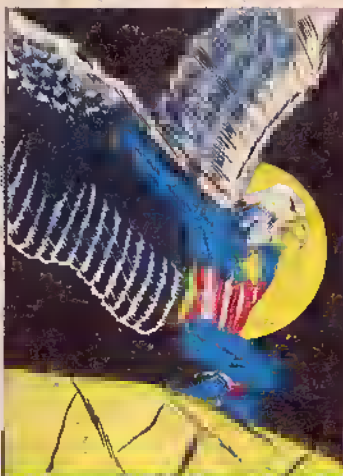
CLINCHING HIS TEETH IN PAIN, THE EAGLE FLAPS OVER THE CLIFF LEDGE AND GLIDES ACROSS THE CHASM.....

D..DON'T!! STOP!! I'LL BE SMASHED!!



NO, NO! AARRGH!!

WITH A SICKENING THUD, THE WRENCH SWINGS INTO THE ROCKY EMBANKMENT....



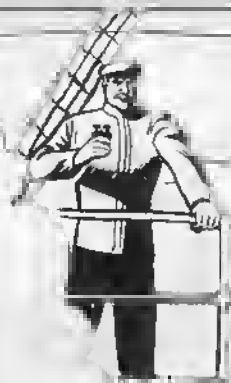
AND ANOTHER LAW-BREAKER HAS PAID THE PRICE!! THE WINGS OF WAR EAGLE WILL SWOOP THROUGH THESE PAGES AGAIN NEXT MONTH!!

SOLUTION TO BLACKOUT MURDER MYSTERY: MURDERER THE NEPHEW, RONALD. MOTIVE: WOULD INHERIT AUNT'S WEALTH BEFORE GOVERNMENT RECEIVED IT. HOW: CARRIED HER TO PORCH ON PRETENSE OF SHOWING BLACKOUT OVER CITY TO HER--HE COULD DO THIS WITHOUT SUSPICION ON HER PART. WHEN: THE MOMENT LIGHTS WENT OUT. CLUE: BUTLER FOUND CARNATION ON REAR PORCH THAT HAD BEEN ON NEPHEW'S LAPEL.....

WE HAVE **NEVER**
LOST A WAR!



JOHN PAUL JONES



ADMIRAL DEWEY



GENERAL PERSHING

AND WE *must*
not LOSE THIS ONE!



GENERAL MACARTHUR

YOU CAN HELP
WIN THIS WAR!

AMERICA ALWAYS WINS BECAUSE THE AMERICAN PEOPLE RALLY AS A SOLID NATION BEHIND ITS HEROIC ARMED FORCES. YOU CAN HELP TREMENDOUSLY NOW. **BUY DEFENSE STAMPS AND BONDS**—WHICH HELPS THE GOVERNMENT BUY MORE PLANES, MORE TANKS, MORE SHELLS, MORE SHIPS FOR VICTORY. THE READERS OF THIS MAGAZINE ALONE, BUYING ONE 10¢ STAMP EACH WEEK WOULD CONTRIBUTE WELL OVER ONE MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR! AMERICA MADE SACRIFICES FOR WASHINGTON, JOHN PAUL JONES, DEWEY, AND PERSHING AND SHE **WILL SUPPORT GENERAL MACARTHUR**. LET NOTHING STAND IN THE WAY. **BUY ALL YOU CAN!! DEFENSE STAMPS COME FIRST!! FORWARD TO VICTORY!!**

FOR VICTORY



**BUY
UNITED
STATES
DEFENSE
BONDS
AND
STAMPS**

THIS NATION, OF
THE PEOPLE, BY THE
PEOPLE AND FOR THE
PEOPLE, SHALL NOT
PERISH FROM
THE EARTH!!

LINCOLN'S
GETTYSBURG
ADDRESS



Kinn

**BOY
COMICS**

IS
your
MAGAZINE "



**MONKEY
CONTEST**
winners
announced in
AUGUST ISSUE!!
24 CASH
PRIZES!



The "ALL BOY HERO"

COMIC MAGAZINE HAS ALREADY
ACHIEVED THE TREMENDOUS
POPULARITY THAT WAS PREDICT-
ED FOR IT!!

DON'T MISS THE AUGUST IS-
SUE...THE BEST YET, STARRING
CRIMEBUSTER AND INCLUDING YOUR
OTHER FAVORITES: BOMBSHELL, YOUNG
ROBINHOOD, YANKEE LONGAGO, SWOOP
STORM, RABBIT FOOTE, AND OTHERS!

FOR DEFENSE



BUY
UNITED
STATES
SAVINGS
BONDS
AND STAMPS

NEW

**SENSATIONAL FEATURES
ADDED TO DAREDEVIL COMICS**

already THE
MOST LOVED
COMIC
MAGAZINE,
DAREDEVIL COMICS,
DOES IT AGAIN!!

By Popular
DEMAND,
THE EDITORS
HAVE JUST
SIGNED
DICKIE DEAN
and the
PIRATE PRINCE
TO A
Lifetime
CONTRACT!!

WHILE ON A
FURLOUGH FROM
THE AIR CORPS, I
RUN SMACK INTO
THE DEADLIEST KILL-
ER OF MY CAREER
IN THE JULY ISSUE
...IN "BLOOD AND
SAWDUST"!

HI FELLERS!
ZIP AND I ARE
GLAD WE'LL BE
SEEING YOU IN
DAREDEVIL!
JUST WAIT! YOU
SEE MY NEW
INVENTION!!

MY FIRST
DAREDEVIL
ADVENTURE IS A
WOW, WHEN I
MEET UP WITH
THE "BLACK
MASK"!



also featuring
**THE CLAW--SNIFFER
13 AND JINX--HOUDONNIT
TIMES SQUARE--
SCOOP SCUTTLE
and many others !!**